

THE
Ladies Magazine;

FOR JANUARY, 1793.

For the Ladies Magazine.

LIFE OF ALPHONSO AL-
BUQUERQUE.

ALPHONSO Albuquerque, celebrated by his exploits in India, soon after the discovery of a passage to that country by the Cape of Good Hope, was descended of a family which derived its origin from the natural children of the sovereigns of Portugal. He was born about the year 1452, and, in 1503, was sent by King Emanuel, together with his cousin Francis Albuquerque, to support the affairs of the Portuguese on the Malabar coast, where their ally, the King of Cochin, had been dethroned by one of the neighbouring princes. On his arrival, he not only reinstated the King of Cochin in his dominions, but even procured leave from him to erect a fortress in his territories; and after some other transactions of less importance, set sail again

for Lisbon, to which he returned on the 17th of July, 1504. His cousin, Francis Albuquerque, is supposed to have perished in the waves; for no accounts were ever after heard of him, or of any of those who accompanied him.

In 1507, Albuquerque was appointed Viceroy of India; and, in his way thither, he formed a resolution of attacking Ormus, an island sixteen miles in circumference, which is situated in the mouth of the Persian Gulph. After making some resistance, the inhabitants entered into a treaty with the Portuguese, the articles of which were, that "Zeifad, " the second of that name, sovereign of Ormus, should become " tributary to Emanuel, and pay " him yearly the sum of fifteen " thousand ducats; that he should " immediately deposit five thousand for the expences of the " war; and that he should assign " a place in the city, which Albuquerque was to fix on, where " the

"the Portuguese might build a fort." Two copies of these articles were engraved on plates of gold; one in the Persian language, which was kept by the king, and the other in Arabic, which was to be sent to Emanuel*. A dispute having afterwards arisen between the Portuguese and the people of Ormus, respecting five deserters, whom the latter would not deliver up, Albuquerque made another attack upon it, during which he committed a piece of barbarity, which, certainly, cannot be justified on any grounds whatever. Finding that the enemy were obstinate, and that the siege proceeded slower than he wished, he resolved to starve them, by preventing a supply of provisions from being brought to the place. With this view he dispatched three of his ships to intercept all vessels coming to the island; and several being taken, he ordered all the captives to have their ears, noses, and hands cut off; and in this manner he sent them on shore, desiring them to tell their countrymen, that he would serve all others so who might attempt to bring them provisions.—Three of his captains, however, disgusted perhaps with his cruelty, deserted him, when

* *On this occasion, the King of Persia having sent to demand tribute of the conqueror, the latter ordered a great number of bullets, grenadoes, and sabres, to be placed before the ambassadors, and addressed them as follows: "There is the money with which I pay the tribute of my master."*

he had almost accomplished the object of his wishes, and set sail for India. Seeing his strength thus so much weakened that he could not prosecute his plan with any hopes of success, he quitted the island, highly incensed that the victory should thus be snatched from his hands, not by the bravery of the enemy, but the treachery of his own officers.

After this disappointment, Albuquerque proceeded to an island named Queixom, belonging to the kingdom of Ormus, and having attacked the town of Arbez, killed the governor, together with several of his soldiers, and plundered the place. He likewise touched at another town in the same island, named Homeal, which was defended by a strong garrison. Here a smart engagement ensued, which, at last, ended in favour of the Portuguese, who slaughtered great numbers of the inhabitants, and acquired a rich booty.

He then directed his course for the island of Socotora, where the inhabitants sued for peace, which was granted them, on condition that they supplied the Portuguese yearly with a certain number of sheep and oxen; and as soon as the season of the year would permit he proceeded to Calajate, in order to procure intelligence of what had been done at Ormus. Having sailed into the harbour, the citizens, headed by the governor, endeavoured to hinder his men from landing; but being routed, after a short conflict, they took shelter in a mosque not far from the shore. The Portuguese, however, followed them closely, dislodged

dislodged them from their place of refuge, and would have entered the town immediately, had they not been recalled by Albuquerque, who was afraid that the enemy might destroy his people by stones and darts from their windows, as night was approaching, and as the streets were narrow, and the houses extremely high. The Portuguese, accordingly, remained in the mosque till the next morning; and as soon as daylight appeared, commenced an attack on the town, which the enemy quitted in the utmost consternation. Here Albuquerque suffered himself to be again hurried away by passion, and committed another piece of barbarity like that at Ormus; for he ordered all the prisoners to have their noses slit, and their ears cut off. He then set fire to the town and mosque, which was a most magnificent structure, and likewise burnt twenty-seven ships in the harbour.

He next steered for Ormus, the walls of which he battered for some time. Here one of the chief men of the place, named Coje Atar, sent him a letter he had received from Almeed, the viceroy of India, informing him, "that he had carried on war against Ormus, without the authority of the King of Portugal; that he himself was greatly displeased at the hostilities committed against that island; and that in order to convince the sovereign of Ormus of his sincerity, he, as Emanuel's representative, was willing to enter into a treaty of peace and friendship with him." Though

this letter gave great uneasiness to Albuquerque, he, nevertheless, renewed his hostilities against the city, and did considerable damage also to some other towns which belonged to it. He then sailed towards the continent, where he burnt the town of Habande, whence the island was supplied with water, and likewise filled up the wells with rubbish, so as to render them unfit for use, as he thought this the most effectual way of distressing the people of Ormus.

After these exploits, which are those rather of a brave soldier than a man of humanity, Albuquerque sailed for India, and arrived at the port of Cananor on the 3d of November, 1508. In an expedition against Calicut soon after, he was severely wounded, first in the left arm, and then in the neck, with an arrow, and was so stunned also with the blow of a stone on his left breast, that he dropped down in all appearance lifeless. Being carried to the shore on his shield, he was thence conveyed to Cochin, where he remained some time in a most dangerous condition; but he at length recovered, contrary to the expectations of all his physicians.

Albuquerque's first enterprize of any importance in India was the conquest of Goa, which afterwards became the center of a part of the Portuguese trade. It surrendered on the 15th of February, 1510; and the citizens, when they submitted to the conquerors, swore allegiance to their sovereign Emanuel. Here Albuquerque resolved to establish his winter quarters;

quarters; but while he was settling the affairs of the place, some of the Portuguese nobility began to raise up dissensions against him. — They privately condemned and ridiculed his conduct; reviled him in the most scurrilous language; and accused him of exposing them to manifest danger. The city, they said, being large, and surrounded by so many enemies, could not be defended; they had few troops, and at that season of the year could procure no reinforcements: it was therefore their opinion, that the city ought to be abandoned; and that, in order to gratify the humour of one ambitious man, the Portuguese ought by no means to be given up to be slaughtered. By these and such like insinuations, a party, consisting of nine hundred, was formed against Albuquerque; but having heard that these malcontents were one night assembled in a certain house, he broke in upon them, seized the ring-leaders, and threw them into prison. On their acknowledging their fault, however, and promising obedience in future, he restored them to liberty: but he afterwards dismissed some of the most mutinous, lest their example should have a pernicious effect upon the rest of his troops.

Finding the enemy become too powerful, Albuquerque, after sustaining several severe attacks, evacuated the city and fort of Goa on the 30th of May, having been in possession of it about three months and a half. In the month of November, however, he again returned to attack it with a fleet of

thirty-seven ships, having on board fifteen hundred Portuguese, and three hundred Indians. The inhabitants made a brave defence, and held out for a considerable time; but the place was at length taken, above three thousand men being killed in it, while the Portuguese lost only forty.

Having established the power of the Portuguese on the Malabar coast, Albuquerque began to think of extending it in the Eastern parts of Asia. In 1511, he presented himself, therefore, before Malacca, which, by its situation, was the most considerable mart of trade in India. He had before attempted this place, and his friend Araujo, who was his associate in the first expedition, had been taken prisoner. No sooner did he appear, than the besieged threatened to put their prisoner to death. Albuquerque, feeling for the situation of his friend, formed a resolution of refraining from hostilities, when he received the following note: "Think of nothing but the glory and advantage of Portugal. If I cannot be the instrument of your victory, I shall at least not be an obstacle to it." The place was accordingly attacked, and being taken, after many bloody, doubtful, and obstinate battles, the Portuguese found in it immense treasures, extensive magazines, and every thing that could contribute to render life agreeable.

After the capture of Malacca, the kings of Siam and Pegu, with some others, either through fear, or with a view of promoting their own interest, sent ambassadors to Albuquerque,

Albuquerque, to offer him freedom of commerce, and to solicit an alliance with Portugal. In the mean time, a squadron detached from the grand fleet directed its course for the Moluccas, which soon fell also into the hands of the Portuguese. While his commanders were thus signalising themselves by new exploits, he himself finished the conquest of Malabar; and as he now enjoyed some share of ease after his repeated successes, he repressed the licentiousness of the Portuguese, reformed military discipline, and established good order in all the colonies. By this time Albuquerque had brought all the Indian coast, from the river Indus to Cape Comorin, under the power of the Portuguese. He had added also Malacca, and conquered Ormus, where he settled every thing upon a firm basis, and by his prudence and bravery spread the name of Emanuel so far, that the Indian nations could not help thinking that the sovereign who had a general of such extraordinary abilities, must himself be something above human. Emanuel, indeed, was very well disposed towards Albuquerque; but by the malicious insinuations of envious detractors, with whom it is the misfortune of princes to be often surrounded, he began to entertain some suspicions of this celebrated commander. These persons were incessantly representing to the king, that Albuquerque was a rash hot-headed man, filled with the most boundless ambition. They even asserted, that he aimed at nothing

less than sovereignty, and to make himself lord of all India; and that by the number of his relations and dependants, as well as the fame he had acquired amongst the Indian princes, his wealth and power were already much greater than what those of any subject ought to be.

Such insinuations as these were propagated at the Portuguese court with the utmost industry; and though Albuquerque had heard that his character was often attacked, yet relying upon his innocence, he took no trouble to refute these calumnies. His actions and behaviour in India had been such, that he thought these alone would be sufficient to blunt the shafts of envy: but as his accusers had no one at court to oppose them, the king was at length prevailed on to recal him from India, and he sent Lopez Suario Alvarenga to be his successor.

At this period Albuquerque was at Ormus, where he fell into a lingering distemper, the effect of old age, added to too much fatigue, and which every day increased. As he now thought death approaching, he made his will; and as he had a strong desire of ending his days in India, and of seeing Goa before he died, he resolved to proceed thither without delay. In sailing along the coast of India, he was informed that Alvarenga was sent to be his successor; and that he himself was ordered to return to Portugal. Albuquerque was much affected by this intelligence, for he now plainly saw that his disgrace was

was brought about by the malice of his enemies. He could not, therefore, contain himself, but lifting up his hands, said, "O heavens! how can I extricate myself from the difficulties that surround me! If I obey my king I incur the odium and contempt of mankind: and if I study to please men, then I fall under the displeasure of my royal master. To thy grave, old man—to thy grave." These last words he often repeated, which shewed the agony and disorder by which his breast was agitated. However, when his mind came to be more composed, he expressed himself, afterwards, in the following manner—"I am verily persuaded that the king has a divine knowledge in many things, otherwise he could not have acted in the present affair with so much foresight. I am now approaching towards death, and if he had not at this time appointed my successor, the affairs in India might have been greatly endangered." After he had spoken these words, his mind seemed to be more at ease, nor did he shew the least mark of dissatisfaction.

As he proceeded on his voyage, his illness daily encreased. In the mean while he wrote a short letter to Emanuel in the following words: "I now write you this last letter, breathing with difficulty, and having upon me all the symptoms of inevitable death. I have an only son; him I recommend to your majesty, and hope that in consideration of my services you will

"take him under your royal protection and favour. What I have done for your honor and interest, the deeds themselves will testify." After he had written this letter, he laid aside all thoughts of worldly matters, and gave himself up entirely to religious meditations, and preparations for a future state. When he came on the coast of Goa, he dispatched a messenger ashore to bring him a priest from the city, with whom he had before joined in religious worship. This person accordingly came, and the night was spent in prayer, but Albuquerque expired before the break of day. This happened in the year 1515.

The following character is given of Albuquerque by Osorio, Bishop of Selvez, in his *History of the Portuguese, during the Reign of Emanuel*. "He was a man of the most extensive humanity; nor is it easy to tell whether he was more dreaded for his bravery, or beloved for his benevolent disposition. He always shewed the strictest regard to justice, punishing breach of faith in the most exemplary manner, and protecting every one from injury and oppression. He was never married, but had a natural son; yet, notwithstanding this, he was remarkable for his continency. In toil and labour he was indefatigable, insomuch, that he was sometimes thought to have carried things to an excess with his men in this respect; yet it was not by threats or menaces, but by his own ex-
ample,

" ample, that he incited them to
 " undergo hardships. In design
 " and contrivance he discovered
 " great sagacity ; nor did he less
 " excel in the quick execution of
 " what he had determined. He
 " was a great enemy to calumny
 " and detraction, so that in his
 " presence no one dared to asperse
 " another man's reputation. He
 " was a passionate lover of truth,
 " and never failed to express the
 " utmost detestation of falsehood
 " and dissimulation. He bore inju-
 " ries with true greatness of soul.
 " In his temper he was subject
 " to passion ; yet in the height
 " of it he would often check him-
 " self ; and by throwing out
 " some pleasant expression, would
 " take off the fear of those who
 " beheld his angry countenance,
 " and turn all into mirth and
 " cheerfulness. He was a man
 " not unacquainted with letters,
 " and at his leisure hours took
 " vast pleasure in reading the fa-
 " cred writings. It is not an ea-
 " sy matter to see whether he ex-
 " celled most in the art of war
 " or of peace. In the former he
 " behaved in such a manner, that
 " he was justly reckoned an ex-
 " pert general, and in settling the
 " affairs of India he gave the
 " strongest proofs of his policy
 " and skill in the art of govern-
 " ment."

His corpse was brought ashore
 with the utmost solemnity, and
 the funeral rites were performed
 with the greatest magnificence, a-
 midst the cries and lamentations
 of those who were present at the
 ceremony. On account of his
 actions, Albuquerque has been

denominated the *Great*, and the
Portuguese Mars ; and the Indi-
 ans, we are told, long after his
 death, were accustomed to go to
 his tomb, in order to demand jus-
 tice for the oppression of his suc-
 cessors. When Emanuel received
 intelligence of his death, he
 could not help shewing the deep-
 est regret ; and immediately sent
 for his son, Blas Albuquerque,
 whom in remembrance of his fa-
 ther, he ordered to be called Al-
 phonso. He likewise, as a re-
 quital for the services done by his
 father, bestowed on him several
 dignities, and procured for him
 a very honorable marriage.



THE OBSERVER.

NUMBER II.

ONE evening, not many years
 ago, I chanced to accom-
 pany a friend to a certain place,
 where a society was held, for free
 and liberal debate. It being the
 first time I had ever visited a con-
 venticle of this kind, I gave it
 particular attention, and the en-
 tertainment I enjoyed, infinite-
 ly transcended my most sanguine
 expectation ; the nice order and
 regularity observed through the
 progress of the whole business,
 was (in my opinion) an example
 worthy the imitation of the great-
 est disputing-club in the world.

The members of this little so-
 ciate, were of divers descriptions.

I devoted some time to a pe-
 rusal of the characters, as they
 stood before me, and began to
 draw

draw a very unfavourable conclusion of their abilities, from the unpromising appearance of their persons; for at that time I was not quite eighteen years of age.

But, at length, the subject for debate was proposed, when a thin, meagre looking man, (not much unlike Romeo's apothecary) opened the controversy, with a speech that would have done honor to a senator: I am hardly able to describe the agreeable surprise I felt, at the elegance of his diction, the force of his arguments, and the power of his wit.

When this poor son of Cicero first entered the room, my associate intimated to me, that he was one of the verbal exhibition; which occasioned me (rather uncharitably) to observe, that he was one of the most expressive representatives of penury I ever remembered to have seen; and if I was not a bad physiognomist indeed, his appetite was certainly keener than his wit. For how, thought I, is it possible for a man, that seemingly has not a shilling in his pocket, to have either spirit or courage to speak? some blockhead (emboldened with the opulence of his circumstances) will put him out of countenance. And my reason for such conjecture, was caused by a dispute I once heard betwixt a man of fortune, and a man of sense; the latter having greatly the advantage in argument, almost silenced his antagonist, when the former, (like a judicious general) by a piece of exquisite chicanery, again renewed the conflict; and drawing five guineas from his purse, with an

air of the bravest importance, instantly proposed it as a wager, in defence of his own cause, which threw the poor man of sense into immediate confusion, and obliged him to retire inglorious from the contest. Thus did ignorance, impudence, and money, triumph over reason, wisdom, and education. And will not this one instance bear a general application? —But to return to my subject, notwithstanding my youth, I possessed a sufficient quantum of reflection, to overbalance the prejudice of my eye; I recollected that justice is always represented blind, and I admired the painter's thought; I shut my own eyes, and determined not to see, but hear the other speakers, and form my opinion of their merits, before I looked at them; which is the only way to avoid prejudice, and be impartial to all people; for whoever guesses at internal qualities, from exterior surveys, are sure to miss their aim; appearances are cheats, universal cheats! that play upon the eye, and sport, and wanton with its frail credulity. Perhaps my readers will now expect me to give some account of the remaining disputants, or the question disputed; but that is repugnant to my intentions; I only mean to draw general inferences from particular observations, and support the character I have assumed rather for my speculations than excursions in the world; although I acknowledge to have visited many parts of Europe; yet geographers and historians have left but little improvement for me to make within the atmosphere of their

their professions ; therefore my travels must be of the sentimental kind, and my observations on the manners of mankind.

S. T.

ON CRUELTY TO INFERIOR ANIMALS.

Written by Mr. Soame Jenyns.

MAN is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united : as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors ; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependent on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependent on the wills of those above us ; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator, and governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge ! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common father, whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that this authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in con-

formity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses ! No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals ; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows ; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe : and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a foster mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person, and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest : the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust cart, where the more he exerts his little

tle remains of spirit, the more he is whipped, to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other, less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode, which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed, and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and

therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create numberless animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palates, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs: these, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compassion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: but, if there are any whose tastes are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to partake of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as dæmons in human shapes, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent,

for

for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should prosecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a Being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what Revelation so frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of Nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power: all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the most exquisite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity,

it can never quite extirpate it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to whom they have in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to, and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expense to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end, but to multiply the objects of their persecution.

What name should we bestow on a superior Being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted, in testifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind? Whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving en-

gines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? Whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? Who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with the utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a Being? Yet, if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a Being is a sportsman.



*To the EDITORS of the LADIES
MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

I do not remember to have seen so lively and beautiful an imitation of the Oriental manner of writing, as the following extract; which in my humble estimation merits a place in your useful Work; however, waving my opinion, it is submitted to your judgment, and if agreeable, your inserting it will oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

*The MEDITATION of CASSIN
the SON of AHMED.*

I WAS a few nights ago, walking over the hills in the Western and unfrequented paths of the city Lima, which looks toward the desert of Elcatif; in order to refresh myself after the studies of the day.

As I grew tired with walking, I seated myself on the head of one of the highest among that verdant range of mountains, and fell into a profound contemplation on the works of the great Creator, which then presented themselves to my view, in the most charming prospect imaginable. The height of the place, the stillness of the season, the majesty and solemnity of the shades, which were at that time silvered over with a bright moonshine; spread through my whole soul a tranquility, not to be felt but by a mind free from guile, and raised by the raptures of religion and devotion. On one hand of the summit where I sat, the town appeared buried in sleep and silence, and produced in my heart those tender overflowings of compassion and humanity which are natural to a generous mind. On the other side, the desert of Elcatif extended its uncultivated dimensions, and by its vastness and ruggedness of landscape, struck my imagination with a kind of pleasing horror. I could observe nothing throughout its savage wastes, but caverns and precipices, broken rocks and mountains, hollow vales, sandy plains, and gloomy forests, with which it is covered. At the foot of the hill, the river which

which waters Lima, flowed along in a serene calm, whose waters seemed to murmur in their sleep, and nod gently to the shore. Over my head the sky shone with a lively blue, whence the beautiful empress of the night dispensed her influence, and the stars twinkled round her throne like so many diamonds, in arch of sapphire: in a word, the place, the season, and the subject of my meditations, all conspired to fix my thoughts, and kindle in my bosom the flames of a holy transport.

As I melted away in these delights, I could not help imagining, that the same employment I was then pleasing myself with, bore some analogy to those which regale the departed spirits of good men. O son of Ahmed, said I to myself, do not the inhabitants of Paradise thus admire the works of God! Does not the harmony of their praise rove through the bowers of bliss, and soften the murmurs of the streams of life! Are they not overflowed with a flood of joy, when they search the labyrinths of Creation, and range through the dominions of the Supreme Being! Methinks I behold them lift up their admiring eyes from the fields, green, in an eternal flourish; and with a strengthened and enlarged ken, penetrate into the remote spaces of the ether. They view the various systems that compose our universe, and their intellects are stretched and crowded with this ample vision. Here the fixt stars, like so many suns, beat upon their sight in a tempest of glory. Here the several planets gravitate to

their respective suns, and wheel about in a mighty eddy of liquid flame. Here the lesser satellites dance attendance to their primary planets, and with a milder gleam, brighten their shades, and refresh their hours of darkness. While all are inhabited by a numerous race of creatures, of different capacities and orders; but all exquisitely adapted to glorify their infinite Maker. While I was in the midst of this soliloquy, and as my thoughts fixed, and grew warm by degrees, a philosophical enquiry started to me, which I did not find easy to answer.

How, said I to myself, can the spirits in Paradise, stripped of the human body, taste the delights of those soft and indulgent climates? How will the naked soul be able to behold the wonders of creating art, which are so profusely poured out upon those regions of bliss and immortality?

Can they see the verdure of the hills, and the flourish of the fields, when they have left their mortal eyes behind them? or can they, without the ears of the body, be ravished with the concert of warbling birds, rilling streams, and bubbling fountains? Surely in vain will the blossoms throw their odours, and the groves of spices will perfume the air in vain, if the power of smelling be utterly extinguished in the separate spirits of good men: and to what purpose will the fruits blush, or the breezes cool, if the taste be entirely gone, and the nerves can feel no more.

While I was losing myself in these

these enquiries, I beheld a man seated on the top of a mountain, at some distance, who looked down to me, and with a voice full of majesty called me up. "Cassin," said he, "draw near, be attentive to what I utter, and cease to perplex thy mind with the unsearchable mysteries of our world. Know thus much: I am a genius; my name is Secret. The place of my abode is remote, and hidden;—joy dwells there, and darkness intercepts the sight of it, Silence shall cover it; death shall lay open its gates. Assure thyself, thou son of Ahmed, that the unembodied genii among us, are perfectly holy and happy, beyond thy glimmering conceptions. What avails it thee to know how they converse; what they see; where they dwell? Cease thy curiosity, and calm thy mind. Would you know what we do here, and be acquainted with all our enjoyments, love your Maker, converse with your own heart, and delight in doing good. The time hastens in which we shall receive our bodies; for the dust shall quicken, and the soul be re-united. That which now is in the grave, stiff and pale, and hastening to clay and ashes, shall revive, shall brighten, shall fly away; beauteous as the morning, vigorous as the light, unfading and immortal. Enquire not how this shall be: Go to the looms of Persia, and they shall instruct thee. Dost thou not observe the shining little worm that spins thy gar-

ments? lo! he sets thee an example, and inspires thy hopes. He glorifies his maker, he winds his silken nest for the good of others, and he retires inwards. Having done his work, he dies; being dead, he rises again. You have often seen the useful insect expire, and his skin wither and dry away; and yet even this dry skin become a prolific egg, and a new life spring up in this little monument of death. You have beheld the dead silk-worm revive, a butterfly, the most curious and splendid of all that race of insects. What more entertaining specimen of the resurrection is there, in the whole circumference of nature? Here are all the wonder of that day in miniature. It was once a despicable worm, it is raised a kind of painted little bird. Formerly it crawled along with a slow and leisure motion; now it flutters aloft upon its gilded wings: how much improved is its speckled covering, when all the gaudiness of colour is scattered about its plumage. It is spangled with gold and silver, and has every gem of the Orient, sparkling among its curious feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear diamond, twinkles with an unsullied flame, and trimbles with numerous lights, that glitter in a gay confusion. There a sap-phire casts a milder gleam, and shews like the blue expanse of Heaven, in a fair winter evening. In this place, an emerald like the calm ocean, displays

“ its cheerful and vivid green ;
 “ and close by a ruby, flames with
 “ the ripened blush of the morn-
 “ ing : the breast and legs, like
 “ ebony ; shine with a glorious
 “ darkness ; while its expanded
 “ wings are edged with the gold-
 “ en magnificence of the topaz.
 “ Thus is the illustrious little
 “ creature finished with the di-
 “ vinest art, and looks like an a-
 “ nimated composition of jewels,
 “ that blend their promiscuous
 “ beams about him. Thus, O
 “ Cassin, shall the bodies of good
 “ men be raised ; thus shall they
 “ shine, and thus fly away.
 “ Cease then thy enquiries ; learn
 “ to live, and long to die. Pre-
 “ pare for our world, and get thy
 “ work done quickly.”

The genius having spoken these words, continued silent for some time, when my ears were at once surprised with the melody of innumerable voices, and instruments of music, which seemed to resound from a great height in the air. Immediately the genius soared away, and my eyes lost him in the sublime ether. I then turned my face Eastward, and saw the dawning day smile on the tops of the mountains.

*An Account of the Mode of COURT-
 SHIP and MARRIAGE amongst
 the MALAYS of QUEDAH.*

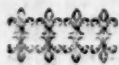
MARRIAGE here, contrary to the customs of most other nations in the East, is a regular treaty between the parties, on the foot of equality. There is, how-

ever, a present made to the girl's friends, which is usually twelve dollars. The marriage compact stipulates, that all effects, gains, or earnings are to be equally the property of both ; and in case of divorce by mutual consent, the stock, debts, and credits, are to be equally divided. If the man insists on the divorce, he gives the woman her half of the effects, and loses the twelve dollars. If the woman only claims the divorce, she forfeits her right to half the effects, but is entitled to keep her paraphernalia, and her relations are obliged to pay back the twelve dollars.

On the wedding-day, the friends, slaves, and domestics of the parties, are richly habited, and set before the houses of the bride and bridegroom many pikes, with fringes of white and red cotton, and discharge several guns. In the afternoon the bridegroom goes from his own house to the bride's, in the following manner : Four men walk first, with several sticks fastened to a pole, which others strike with little sticks. These are followed again by others, who carry long drums, which they beat either with sticks or their hands. After these, others strike against sticks tied about their necks, and of them there are often sixty, eighty, or an hundred, according to the condition of the bridegroom. Then you see others again with peacocks feathers, and horses tails ; and they are followed by thirty or forty armed with darts, swords, and shields, who from time to time stop in the streets to strike together, or dance
 for

for the diversion of the spectators. There are others with drums and sticks, followed by thirty young women, richly drest; some carrying flowers, others pictures, little gilt boxes, moveables, and habits of all sorts, as presents from the bridegroom to the bride. The women follow immediately, who likewise carry divers pieces of household stuff. The bridegroom is on horseback richly drest, having two of his most intimate friends riding on each side of him, and a great number of persons invited to the wedding, conclude the shew. When they are come to the bride's house, all the drums stay for the bridegroom at the door; and the men that carry the arms make a lane for the women that have the furniture; after whom the bridegroom arriving, he dismounts, and then the bride appears with a vessel of water, who on her knees washes his feet, and taking him by the hand, leads him into the house, where they continue some time together. He then, leading her by the hand, goes out with all the company, and in some order, as before, they go to his house, where the bridegroom enters first, then all the guests, who are entertained with marriage-feasts, for three days together.

The country of Quedah is situated near the island of Pulo Peelang, or Prince of Wales's Island, which lies at the entrance of the streights of Malacca.



ON FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

[FROM THE TRIFLER.]

—*Hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct
the loom;*

*Me glory summons to the martial
scene;*

*The field of combat is the sphere of
men.*

RANK, character, and situation, make a material difference in the circumstances of good and evil. What excites our admiration in one person, in another may provoke our censure. The gaiety of youth becomes not the gravity of age; and the passive obedience of the clergy would prove a poor substitute for active valour in the soldier.

The motto prefixed to this number contains a lesson extreme-proper, not only for Andromache (to whom it was addressed) but for womankind in general. "Let woman preside in all domestic affairs, and let their judgments be decisive in the appointments of fashions; but suffer the politics of nations to be directed by men, and entrust the agency of warlike matters to hands, by nature more adapted to its roughness."—Such was the advice of the celebrated Trojan, whose wisdom, co-operating with his bravery, for near ten years proved the bulwark of a country, noxious to the gods for its impiety, and marked out by fate for inevitable destruction.

Where Hector left off, I shall, therefore begin, with promising that since, at present, there are
few

few Penthesileas and Camillas existing, I might possibly point out a foible more prevalent in the sex than that alluded to in his speech.

No age has been more distinguished by the learning of its women than the eighteenth century. It must be confessed, that many female pens are wielded with an ability that would by no means discredit the most enlightened understanding; nor has the world been slow in bestowing the tribute of applause so justly due to their writing. But we admire them more as authors, than esteem them as women. Few men would (I imagine) with their wives and daughters to prefer Horace and Virgil to the care of their families, or a sedulous pursuit of intricate points in Epictetus, to a prudent management in domestic affairs.

To forbid the use of pen and ink to ladies, is far from my intention. I think poetry a pleasing employment for their vacant hours, and novel-writing well adapted to female ingenuity. It is classical knowledge that I would wish to withhold (as useless) from their study; and female pedantry is the object of my ridicule.

If, whilst beholding an elegant building, we learn that it was planned by the owner, whose fortune, inadequate to the expense, fell a sacrifice to the costliness of his edifice; though we cannot refuse our admiration to the productions of his genius, yet that imprudence, which engaging in pursuits ill adapted to its situation in life, prepares its own ruin,

must ever meet with our contempt. In like manner we admire the diligence and classical knowledge which could give us a correct translation of an obsolete author, form a perfect edition, or compile a lexicon; yet, when we learn that it is the work of a Lady, however highly we may prize her productions, we must pity that error of judgment which could engage her in pursuits so repugnant to female delicacy, so derogatory to the natural character of her sex.

That we applaud even this exertion of her talents is true, but not with that kind of admiration which a judicious woman would wish to obtain. Such applause has often been afforded to the masculine bravery of Madam D'Eon, Hannah Snell, and others, who, forgetting the characteristic softness of their sex, have successfully braved all the horrors of war, and signalized their courage at the hazard of their own persons.

It is my opinion that a sensible man would hesitate whether he chose a wife strong enough to beat him, and possessed of courage in an eminent degree, or one whose mind was unnecessarily employed in the contemplation of ancient authors. I wish not to see my lady assume the *toga virilis* , however highly ornamented, nor on any consideration enlist under the banners of Bellona; and I know no way of rendering classical knowledge so ridiculous, as by cloathing it in petticoats.

Amelia was the only child of a clergyman, whose learning had
been

been distinguished at the university, and whose judgment was never thought erroneous, except in his conduct towards her. The death of his wife, a few years after their marriage, had thrown a gloom over his spirits, which nothing but his increasing fondness for his child, and the care of her education, could remove; in which, as no expence was spared, at the age of sixteen she was what the world calls perfectly accomplished; and her affection to her parent alone prevented her from forming an advantageous and honorable alliance.

The labours of the needle ill suited so masculine an understanding; and having arrived (as she thought) at the summit of female knowledge, she joyfully accepted the offer made by her father to instruct her in the Greek and Latin languages, and by his assistance, in a few years, made a rapid progress in both.

The evil influence of classical knowledge was quickly perceptible; she became negligent of her dress, and satirical in her temper. What were formerly deemed accomplishments, such as music, drawing, &c. were now laid aside as useless, and beneath the dignity of one whose lips poured forth the doctrines of Socrates with the sublimity of Plato. When gently reproved by her friends for the neglect of what formerly diffused so much amusement through the circle of her acquaintance, and reflected so much honor on herself, she had always a Greek or Latin sentence at command, proving the futility of music, and the

superiority of mental gratifications over those of the senses; the explanation of which to her illiterate companions, afforded her much amusement.

The death of her father, though for a short time it put a stop to her studies, by no means effected her reformation. At first, indeed, her grief, which she concealed from the world with the apathy of a Spartan damsel, preyed on her mind, and when retired to her closet, burst forth with redoubled vigour: for, although ancient writers had taught her the vanity of lamenting the dead, she still found her newly-acquired philosophy painful in the practice, and unable to calm the perturbation of her mind, when solitude exempted her from the painful efforts of assuming a fictitious calmness, and where every surrounding volume served only to remind her of the loss she had sustained. But "Time, which on "all things lies its lenient hand," at length calmed her grief. She again applied herself to her study, and pride and pedantry grew up with learning in her breast. She now began to adopt a pompous and latinized style of writing, which rendered her letters by no means intelligible to many of her female friends, who on that account dropped her correspondence with very little ceremony.

Dancing was an accomplishment in which she particularly excelled, and to which she was extremely attached; but her appearance at the ball-room, only served to expose her to fresh mortification. The country gentlemen

men dreaded the exposition of their rustic conversation to the ordeal of her criticism, and studiously avoided that learning which they almost instinctively disliked, and the rudiments only of which in their puerile years had caused them much corporeal smart.

Deserted by both sexes, the fable of the white-washed jackdaw (who, aiming at a station from which nature had placed him at a distance, found himself deserted by his own species, and driven out of every society) seems formed to ridicule this eccentric character, who, thus disappointed in her favourite plan, by observing that, instead of that deference and respect which she had vainly expected, desertion and contempt were the natural consequences of learning, retired to her closet to discover why the same causes in subjects scarcely different, should produce such discordant effects: for she well knew that learning in men was the road to preferment, an introduction to the best company; that it was patronized by the rich, and admired by the poor; and that both sexes united in the applause of learned men, whilst sad experience convinced her, that consequences very opposite were the result of the same quality in women; that with them learning was obnoxious to envy, and exposed to neglect and desertion. This she could account for no otherwise than by supposing a wonderful perversion of human nature to have taken place; which opinion drove benevolence from her breast, and placed misanthropy in the room.

A closer application to study was the consequence of this investigation, and a more rooted antipathy to human-kind. Satirical authors, who painted mankind in the gloomiest colours, became now her chief delight. In this situation, a fondness for the brute creation took possession of her mind. Indeed her house might with propriety have been called an hospital for dogs and cats, for when age and infirmities had rendered these animals useless to their masters, and burthen some to themselves, her mansion afforded an asylum to all. To feed and take care of these, to reward their attachment by her bounty she esteemed a grateful relaxation from study, and amusement of her leisure hours.

But as ambition was a ruling passion in Amelia's breast, popular applause was still the object of her warmest wishes; for the attainment of which (after much study and deliberation) she submitted a tragedy to public inspection; but her ignorance of the world was the occasion of her failure in this attempt. It is true that the language was correct, that it was formed on the rules of Aristotle, and that the unities were strictly adhered to: but her characters were drawn more from books than nature, and her play seemed rather a compilation from different authors, than the spontaneous offspring of her own imagination. In addition to this, her total ignorance of stage-effect, in a great measure, contributed to the condemnation of her tragedy.

K

The

The disapprobation of a fickle audience by no means convinced her of her inability in dramatic writing, which she entirely attributed to the perverted taste of the nation. Her pen was again employed in poetical essays, but as her seclusion from the world prevented her success in that, so her misanthropy repelled her advancement to fame in this attempt. Her pen seemed dipped in gall, and mankind were depicted in the gloomiest characters. The churchman was a hypocrite, the lawyer a knave, the soldier a coward, and the whole group were rather representatives of Satan's infernal companions, than portraits of men that ever had existences. Of course, the Reviewers were not more lenient to the poem, than the critical Templars had before been to the tragedy.

Thus frustrated in the principal attempts of her life, and exasperated at her treatment, she withdrew herself entirely from the world, who left her unlamented to the society of her cats; since when she has dwindled into obscurity, and her name is now scarcely ever mentioned but to record her follies.

Such were the effects of an ill-directed study, and such must ever be the consequence of a desertion from nature. This story was intended (at a time when the press overflows with the productions of female pens) to check, or at least keep in its proper channel, that *cacoethes scribendi* lately become so prevalent amongst women, to admonish them, that

more amiable accomplishments than reading Greek are attainable by a female mind; and not that, because a few have gained applause by studying the dead languages, all womankind should assume their Dictionaries and Lexicons; else we might soon expect to see Westminster-school a Female Academy, or (as the Ladies make rapid advances towards *manhood*) we might in a few years behold a sweepstakes rode by women, or a second battle at Odiham, fought with superior skill, by Mesdames, Humphries, and Mendoza.

N.



SEARCH AFTER AN OLD MAN.

To the EDITORS of the LADIES MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have just read the humorous letter (in your first volume) signed VIRTUOSO, in which the writer complains that he has not been able to meet with such a phenomenon as an *old woman*. I understand perfectly the drift of his satire, and must say, that "pity it is, it is too true." Nothing is so common now-a-days as people in years affecting the manners and dress of the young. But I do not wish your correspondent to confine this observation to the women only. I have been as much puzzled to discover an *old man*, as he has been to find an old woman. Be they of what age they may, they affect the behaviour

haviour and language of youth, and seem to have entirely discarded the good old maxim, "the young *may* die, the old *must*." Many of them that I know, who are past fifty, are as full of their feats of bottle-drinking and gallantry, as young fellows. They will be affronted if you call them old, and take every pains to convince you that they are young. It was but a few nights ago, when going home about twelve o'clock, I perceived an old fellow in amorous confabulation with one of those young ladies who are privileged with the freedom of the streets, and, by moonlight, I could plainly perceive that the old dotard had passed his grand climacteric. Mercy on me! thought I, when do men begin to be wise? If I, who am not half this man's age, am sensible to his folly, shall I lose my wits, and be such another as he is at his age? May my portion be, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, whether I live longer or shorter.

Some time ago, one of those young gentlemen of *seventy-four*, was boasting that he had drank four bottles of wine at a tavern lately, and had seen the whole company under the table. I pleased him very much by expressing my surprise, but I soon marred the compliment by adding, "that it was very extraordinary for a *man of his years*."—"Years," Sir, echoed he, with a look of ineffable contempt—and did not give me a word of his conversation for the whole evening afterwards. And yet in spite of this I must tell him, that he is an *old*

gentleman, and that for an *old* gentleman, four bottles of wine was an extraordinary quantity. —Another time I was making offer of my arm to assist an old gentleman who was getting out of a coach, when he bid me stand aside, for he did not want my help—and this accompanied with an air and tone of voice, which convinced me that I had given offence.

But as to the satire of your correspondent Virtuoso, I am sorry to say that too many places exhibit examples where it is justly applicable. Women of fifty, (I take the lowest) dressing like girls of fifteen. Age should affect nothing. The time then is past when nature has attractions for love; and wisdom and discretion ought to supply the place of personal Beauty. They ought to be counsellors to the young, and not imitators of their folly; they ought now to use that experience which they have acquired, to teach the young to avoid the errors into which themselves may have fallen, by an overweening attention to external ornament, and being more desirous to catch men, than to attract minds.

Age is honorable; virtuous old age the most honorable of all. To attempt to pass for young, to dress like the young, and visit all amusements as in the days of youthful levity, is something worse than merely ridiculous. The time cannot be far off, when they must bid adieu to this world and all its enjoyments; and if they have outlived their days of vanity, they ought to rejoice that they still have

have time left for reflection, and gradually wean their minds from the unprofitable follies of their youth, that their latter days may be peaceful, serene, and happy.

As I observed before, this vice of affecting youth is confined to no sex; in the male sex, however, it often appears in a disgusting shape: some allowance may be made for the female affectation of youth, which is principally displayed in dress: but what allowance can be made for him, who having lived long enough to have time to repent of his youthful vices and follies, and yet practises them, and boasts of them, merely that he may obtain the reputation of being able to do that when old, which he ought to have been ashamed of doing when young? To hear a man, whose life hangs by the narrowest thread, boasting of his feats of debauchery, and catching applause of the giddy and the young around him, is a spectacle which I could never behold without horror.

Do what we will, and live how we will, old age will come, and if we employ it for no other purpose than to perpetrate the practice as well as the memory of youthful vices, we lay up a miserable fund for the hour of reflection—that hour which must come in spite of folly. Long life is fortuitous to every man. No regimen can ensure it, and we find from many hundred instances, not even intemperance can prevent it. At every time of life, however, it is absurd to trifle with the gift of nature, or to endeavour to recal the follies of

youth, that they may disgrace the period of old age.

I am, yours, &c.

REFLECTOR.



THE MISANTHROPE RE- CONCILED TO THE WORLD.

A Tale.

SOURED by numerous and mortifying disappointments, and totally out of humour with the world, in which he had met with many false friends, and had been thrown into very distressing situations, by the ingratitude of those whom he had liberally supported when they stood in need of his assistance, Simplicius grew at last, so heartily sick of society, that he determined to remove himself from the "*wicked ways of men*," and spend the remainder of his life in sequestered scenes; scenes in which he might enjoy his own reflections without any interruption. In consequence of this determination, he, without taking leave of any living creature among his extensive acquaintance, retired, in the true spirit of misanthropy, to a spot the most solitary to be found in any part of the kingdom, and there, secluded from social life, gave himself up to the indulgence of his melancholy recollections, without considering that, though he had sufficient reason to blame the behaviour of some of his friends, he had others of whose conduct he could not with propriety complain: but he was too much under

der the power of discontent to think correctly of discrimination, and, therefore plunged himself into solitude with a fixed resolution never to return to the scenes in which his purse had been often employed to make ungrateful mortals happy, and in which his peace had been often destroyed by the malevolence of those who envied him for being in a situation which enabled him to make them so.

Simplicius retired from the world, but he could not gain what he wished for in retirement, tranquillity, and an exemption from the cares of it. The remembrance of past hours only served to render the present ones more painful. In vain did he, adopting the manners of an hermit, wander through the wood which was near his solitary dwelling; or sitting down with a book in his hand, endeavour to read away his disquietudes. Disgusted as he was with mankind, he still hankered after the world, and was, from the violent operation of some unruly passions, the most unfit man to enjoy the solid satisfactions resulting from a contented mind: a mind thoroughly at ease, calm, and undisturbed.

As Simplicius had carried his retiring design into execution with the greatest secrecy, his friends knew nothing of his movements: they were, of course, not a little surprised one day, on going to his house, to find it shut up; and could not, by the minutest enquiries they made, procure from the servant who was left to take care of it, the least information with regard to the owner's motions.

With such secrecy and dispatch had he conducted his manœuvres, that they were, in the sportsman's phrase, *at a fault*, and wearied themselves with conjectures to no purpose, concerning the place to which he had posted with so much precipitation, without giving them the remotest hint with respect to his intentions. They were puzzled, indeed, with respect to the place which he had chosen for his retreat, but they were not perplexed about the motives which prompted him to retirement, having heard him, frequently, in the bitter moments of mental infelicity, utter very severe expressions against social life, and bestow much more praise on seclusion from the world than it certainly deserved.

But, to leave his conjecturing friends, and to return to him—though he was by no means happy in his solitary state, he persevered in his desertion from society, stimulated by false reasoning, by which he was convinced he should be miserable if he renewed his social connections.

For some time he lived in a discontented condition, and not being naturally of a reading turn, found retirement rather a burden than a blessing; a burden it will ever prove to those who can draw no amusement from their own minds; a blessing it can only be to those who are able to derive pleasure from the approbation of their own hearts; Simplicius had not a bad heart, but he had passions which he could not regulate in such a manner as to prevent them from disturbing his peace: he

he was not deficient indeed, in understanding, but he was not possessed of those intellectual stores by which a man is enabled to make the most sequestered spots productive of mental entertainment.

While he was reading, one morning, in the wood to which he often directed his steps, he was roused from a reverie, into which a particular passage had thrown him, by a rustling noise among the trees next him. On looking up, he was not a little surprised at the sight of a man in a sailor's dress, with an instrument of destruction in his hand. He started, but was too much under the power of astonishment to articulate a syllable. The fellow, being in a similar situation—having hoped to *dispatch* him—(being told that he was a rich miser, and had a great deal of money concealed in the wood) was also speechless. At last, Simplicius, recovering from his first surprise, asked the man, with as much composure, as he could, what had brought him to that place, and why he appeared so much agitated at the sight of him. "I will not suppose," continued he, "that you come to murder me, though you have it in your power, as you cannot possibly imagine you would, from my appearance, gain any thing by my death. However, if you had such an intention, you may think yourself particularly happy in being checked in your wicked career."

The sailor, who had just escaped from a wreck, and who had

saved nothing but the cloaths he had on his back, was so much struck by the words which the man whom he had intended to assassinate, addressed to him, that he fell on his knees in an agony of remorse, confessed the heinousness of the projected crime, implored his pardon, and vowed, with all the marks of sincere repentance, that he never would make an attempt of the same kind, however favourable the opportunity might prove for the execution of it.

With these expressions and assurances Simplicius was satisfied, and dismissed the poor wretch, not only with additional admonitions, but with a sufficiency to supply immediate wants, and was doubly pleased with his liberality, as it was received with the most striking signs of pleasure, accompanied with the most lively effusions of gratitude.

This *new* scene, however, made such an impression upon the mind of Simplicius, that he, in a short time afterwards, quitted his solitary cell, returned to his own house in the capital, and waited, with no small impatience, to know in what manner his friends would receive him on his return. The reception he met with was flattering to him in the highest degree, and threw him into so rational a train of thinking on solitude and society, that he became perfectly reconciled to the world.



BIOGRAPHINA:

BIOGRAPHINA:—OR FEMALE CHARACTERS.

ELIZA D.

CHARACTER I.

IF a female lives to the age of thirty years unmarried, the world in general honors her with the appellation of an old maid. This is by almost every one thought as a reproach, without considering whether there may not be reasons which have obliged her to remain single, proceeding sometimes from prudence, sometimes from disappointment.

Eliza D. is arrived at the period of life above stated; she possesses great natural sense, and has a mind formed for friendship and society—she sympathizes in the distresses, and feels the woes that are incident to humanity. Being bred up in the paths of domestic economy, she is a perfect pattern of prudence and frugality, but although she is careful, still she is disinterested, and would scorn a state of servile dependence; she is truly pious and benevolent, and her hand is ever open to relieve the wants of those, whom Providence has placed in so low a state as to depend for support on the charity of their fellow-creatures.

She is sprung from a numerous family, and wisely prefers a maintenance from her own industry, to living at home in plenty and at ease, with a father, who is both able and willing to provide for her; thus like the prudent ant, she takes care against the time of

need; and should Providence, so order it, that her father should leave this life, she can genteelly support herself, without becoming a burthen to her friends and relations.

Can a woman like this be doomed not to enjoy the pleasures of the married state? Can a female like her be neglected? No, I should think it was impossible; for her character in almost every respect is truly amiable, and worthy of imitation, yet she has some faults, some few imperfections, which rather cast a shade over her bright qualifications, the purest of beings are not without, the most upright of mankind are liable to error.

When she praises, it is with all the sincerity of a friend; but when she reproves, it is with all the bitterness of an enemy, and because she is honest enough to tell any one of their faults to their face, she thinks she is entitled to speak against them behind their backs. This is not acting with the generosity that is expected from a person of so liberal a mind as Eliza; it is generous to be silent when the name of any one is brought up; for if we cannot say any thing to their praise, we need not strive to depreciate them in the opinion of others. Perfection is not the lot of humanity; mankind may endeavour to act right, but, alas! how far short do their endeavours fall off from the rules of reason and religion.

The reason of her remaining single, I do not profess to know, but should judge, that merit like her's could not have been neglected.

ed, but if it does proceed from neglect, blush, ye men, and revere those virtues which you deserve not to possess. But that I dare say is not the case; her amiable qualities would shine even in the lowest abyss of obscurity; but it may proceed from prudence: her careful temper perhaps would shudder at the prospect of future want, and think she may live better and more comfortable by herself, than in the bands of the hymeneal state.

Disappointed she may be supposed to have been; but as I know not the history of her life, I cannot pretend to say; I can only write from that which falls under my immediate observation; she appears to me to possess many qualifications that would render the connubial state permanently happy, and which now delight the small circle of friends, who have the honor and happiness of her acquaintance.

M A R I A.

CHARACTER II.

IT frequently happens, that those who possess by nature many, and great advantages, should strive to excel in those particular parts, which neither their talents or disposition can in any manner be conducive to: this error too often clouds the future prospects of their lives, and makes those who perhaps would be the ornaments of society, its burthens. The lady whose character I will now attempt to delineate, mistakes her *forte*: though at the

first glance, it may be thought trivial, yet it is more than probable but that it may tend to lessen her in the opinion of those who are her dearest and sincerest friend.

Maria is pleasing in her person, and engaging in her manners; her natural sense is very great, and her education has by no means been neglected, she is generous and disinterested, and she possesses all the endearing qualities that are so truly amiable in the fair sex, the natural sweetness of her disposition is such, that she seems formed to augment connubial felicity, and administer pleasure to the pleasing society of private friendship: but Maria's not content with being thought a true, and a disinterested friend, and of possessing the noble qualities of sterling sense; she would fain be thought a wit, the species of which she most delights in, is the brisk repartee, or some shrewd observation, that is only calculated to create a hearty laugh, and for a few moments delight the ear, without improving or pleasing the understanding.

But if we consider the character of a wit, can we find any thing in it, either amiable or praise-worthy; is it necessary to form the faithful friend, or the endearing wife? I should think not. It only for a short time delights the hearers, and then is lost, without leaving any trace whereby it can be remembered. Frequently, the want of argument is supplied by want of mimicry: a whimsical repetition of the speeches of others is generally

rally tiresome, and often aggravating, it is dwindling into the lowest species of wit, and it is making a sensible person appear in the character of a buffoon.

Maria in this manner endeavours to make herself ridiculous, and seems as if she strove to render her conversation, which naturally would be pleasing and judicious, tiresome and disgusting. When I consider her many accomplishments, how truly amiable and engaging she is, her great sense, her taste, and her sensibility, I am struck with amazement at the thought of her neglecting her bright qualifications, for the sake of being thought, what surely is not a very amiable character, namely, that of a wit. The desire of receiving praise, may perhaps be the reason that she wishes to be witty, but the applause that she receives is not the praise of the sensible, it is the applause of those whose praise is no honor, and whose good word is no recommendation.

Such is the error of one, who is an ornament to her sex, for her person is beautiful, her mind is enlarged, and she possesses almost every pleasing accomplishment.



ANECDOTES of PETER the GREAT.

Peter's Manner of Living.

PETER rose always very early in the morning; even in winter at four o'clock. Almost immediately after, he received re-

ports of public affairs, made a light breakfast, and at six went to the admiralty, senate, &c. After his dinner, which was always at one o'clock, he took his morning gown, and lay down to sleep for two hours on his couch. At four he returned to the business he laid aside in the morning, or examined what he had ordered to be done.

His table was frugal, and he loved only plain dishes, such as soup, with four cabbages in it, gruel, pig, with four cream for sauce, cold roast meat, with cucumbers, salted lemons, lampreys, salt meat, ham, and Limburg cheese, of which he was exceedingly fond.

Before he sat down to table, he took a little aniseed-water, and, after the repast, drank a kind of Russian beer, called quafs, or else Hungarian, or red French wine.

Whenever he went out in his carriage, he always carried some cold provisions with him, because he ate little at a time, and often. Although the Czar never supped, the Empress always sat down to table in the evening, with the family.

Peter never ate fish, because it disagreed with him. On fast days, he lived on fruits, pulse, and pastry.

During the last year of his life, he refrained almost entirely from wine, drinking little or nothing besides slaschtichi, or now and then a little brandy. He afterwards took to drinking the wines of Cahors and Medoo; but having been ordered hermitage-wine, by his physician, Mr. Are-

skin, on account of a diarrhoea, of which he had an attack, he continued to drink it in preference to all others.

Being one day at dinner at an English merchant's, of the name of Spelman, and drinking there some excellent wine of that kind, he asked if he had a good stock of it?—'I have about 40 bottles,' answered Spelman. 'Spare them to me,' said the Czar: 'you cannot be without other wine equally good to give to your guests.'

This great man was very gay in company, affable, and an enemy to ceremony. He liked people of a jovial disposition, but could not bear extravagance.

When he gave an entertainment, he took great pleasure in seeing his guests in good humour, and drink fairly, even if they intoxicated themselves. On such occasions, those who affected a kind of squeamishness, and attempted to flinch, lost his good graces, and, if taken in the fact, were obliged to drink a bumper. Disputes or altercations, were, in such cases, indifferent to the Czar.

A drunken general, with whom he was one day at table, said he had served him faithfully, and, in the long enumeration of his services, particularly insisted on his having conquered a city. The Czar, instead of replying that he had been well rewarded, and had been made a general on that account, fined him in three bumpers, which he drank to the health of all present. This amused the company, and silenced the boaster.

Pardon granted by the Czar, on the solicitation of a Dog.

IN the cabinet of natural history, of the academy at Peterburgh, is preserved, among a number of uncommon animals, Lifette, the favourite dog of the Russian monarch. She was a small dun-coloured Italian greyhound, and very fond of her master, whom she never quitted but when he went out, and then she laid herself down on his couch. At his return she showed her fondness by a thousand caresses; followed him wherever he went, and during his afternoon nap lay always at his feet.

A person belonging to the court, having excited the anger of the Czar, I do not know by what means, was confined in the fort, and there was reason to suppose, that he would receive the punishment of the knout, on the first market-day.

The whole court thought him innocent, and considered the anger of the Czar as excessive and unjust. Every means was tried to save him, and the first opportunity taken to intercede in his favour. But so far from succeeding, it served only to irritate him the more, who forbid all persons, to speak for the prisoner, and above all to present any petition on the subject, under pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

It was supposed that no resource remained to save the culprit. However, those who in concert with the Czarina interested themselves in his favour, devised the means of presenting a petition,

petition, without incurring the penalty of the prohibition.

They composed a short, but pathetic petition, in the name of Lisette. After having set forth her uncommon fidelity to her master, she adduced the strongest proofs of the innocence of the prisoner, intreated the Czar to take the matter into consideration, and to be propitious to her prayer, by granting him his liberty.

This petition was tied to her collar, in such a manner as to be easily visible.

On the Czar's return from the admiralty and senate, Lisette as usual came leaping about him; and he perceived the paper, folded in the form of a petition. He took, and read it—"What!" said he, "Lisette, do you also present me petitions? Well, as it is the first time, I grant your prayer." He immediately sent an order to the fort to set the prisoner at liberty.

Peter's fondness for Chirurgical Operations.

THE Czar, excited by natural curiosity, and his love for the sciences, took great pleasure in seeing dissections, and chirurgical operations. It was him who made these arts known in Russia. He was so fond of them, that he was informed when any thing of this kind was going on in the hospitals, or other places in the vicinity of his residence, and seldom failed to be present if he had time. He frequently lent his as-

sistance, and had acquired sufficient skill, to dissect according to the rules of art, to bleed, draw teeth, and perform other operations, as well as one of the faculty. It was an occupation in which he liked to employ himself for the sake of practice; and he always carried about with him, besides his case of mathematical instruments, a pouch well stocked with instruments of surgery.

Having heard that Mrs. Borst, the wife of a Dutch merchant, with whom he was well acquainted, was ill of a dropsy, and that she would not consent to be tapped, which was the only means of cure left, he went to see her, prevailed on her to submit to the operation, and performed it himself with a great deal of dexterity.

The following day his patient grew better; but tapping having been too long deferred, she died a few days after, as the physicians had predicted, and the Czar attended at her funeral, which was conducted with much pomp.

He once exercised his dexterity, with laughable circumstances, on the wife of one of his valets de-chambre, who was a little given to gallantry, and whose husband withed to be revenged.

Perceiving the husband, whose name was Balboiarof, sitting in the anti-chamber with a sad and pensive countenance, he asked him what was the cause of his sorrow?—"Nothing," answered Balboiarof, "except that my wife refuses to have a tooth drawn which gives her the most agonizing and excruciating pain." "Let me speak

“speak to her,” replied the Czar, “and I warrant I’ll cure her.”

He was immediately conducted by the husband, to the apartment of the supposed sick person, and made her sit down that he might examine her mouth, although she protested that nothing ailed her. —“This is the mischief,” said the husband; “she always pretends not to suffer, when we wish to give her ease, and renews her lamentations as soon as the physician is gone.” —“Well, well,” said the Czar, “she shall not suffer long. Do you hold her head and arms.” —Then taking out a tooth-instrument, he drew, in spite of her cries, the tooth which he judged to be the cause of her complaint, with admirable address and promptitude.

Hearing a few days after, that nothing had really been the matter with the woman, and that it was only a trick of her husband, he sent for him, and, after making him confess the whole, chastised him very severely with his own hands.



FRAGMENT.

An affecting Scene between a Father and a Son.

ALPHONSO, king of Portugal, made a journey to France, in order to solicit succours for the support of his niece Joanna’s claim to Castile. From the repeated cold treatment he met with at the court of Lewis XI. he could entertain no hopes of success; he

was even apprehensive of being delivered up to Ferdinand, the reigning king of Castile. To divert the prosecution of any bad design against him, he gave out, that he intended to renounce the world, and spend the remainder of his days in the exercises of penitential devotion: he also wrote an eternal adieu to Don Jaun, his son, ordering him to cause himself to be proclaimed king without the loss of a moment. After having dispatched his letter of resignation, he privately withdrew, and it was reported that he had crossed the seas, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem: but, in consequence of a strict search after him, he was discovered in a village near Honfleur. As the interest of Lewis now required him to protect Alphonso, to play him off against Ferdinand and Isabella, (then negotiating with Maximilian, who having married the heiress of Burgandy, was become master of the Netherlands) he advised him to return to his own dominions, and commanded the prince of Normandy to furnish requisites for the voyage. Don Jaun, in the mean time, pursuant to his father’s orders, had convened the states of Portugal to settle his coronation; which was hardly over, when he heard that the king his father was landed.

The prince immediately laid aside the *insignia* of royalty, and rushed into his father’s arms. Alphonso insisted on his resuming the crown, but he, for the first time, ventured to disobey, and would not accept of any other title than that of a faithful subject.

NEW

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. *comprehending an Account of his Studies and numerous Works.* By James Boswell, Esq. 2 Vol. 4to. 1791.

THE following anecdotes of his infant years, we shall give in the language of his biographer.

Johnson's mother was a woman of distinguished understanding. I asked his old school-fellow, Mr. Hector, surgeon of Birmingham, if she was not vain of her son. He said, "she had too much good sense to be vain, but she knew her son's value." Her piety was not inferior to her understanding; and to her must be ascribed those early impressions of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit. He told me, that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of heaven "a place to which good people went," and hell "a place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her, when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to Thomas Jackson, their man-servant. He not being in the way, this was not done: but there was no occasion for any artificial aid for its preservation.

In following so very eminent a

man from his cradle to his grave, every minute particular, which can throw light on the progress of his mind, is interesting. That he was remarkable, even in his earliest years, may easily be supposed; for to use his own words in his Life of Sydenham, "That the strength of his understanding, the accuracy of his discernment, and ardour of his curiosity, might have been remarked from his infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no reason to doubt. For, there is no instance of any man, whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour." In all such investigations it is certainly unwise to pay too much attention to incidents which the credulous relate with eager satisfaction, and the more scrupulous or witty enquirer considers only as topics of ridicule: yet there is a traditional story of the infant Hercules of toryism, so curiously characteristic, that I shall not withhold it. It was communicated to me in a letter from Miss Mary Adye, of Litchfield.

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Litchfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observed him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulders, listening, and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr. Hammond asked
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Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had caught the public spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would have staid for ever in the church, satisfied with beholding him."

Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence of spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. The fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the authority of his mother. One day, when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home, had not come in time, he set out by himself, though he was then so near-sighted, that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. His school-mistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength would permit.

Of the strength of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told me in his presence at Litchfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his mother. When he was a child in petti-

coats, and had learnt to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book into his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What is the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it over more than twice.

As he advanced in years, after he had finished his grammar-school education, he was sent to Pembroke College. Here our author gives us a variety of anecdotes respecting him, which shew his temper and spirit.

Dr. Adams told me, that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke College, "was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicsome fellow, and passed there the happiest part of his life." But this is a striking proof of the fallacy of appearances, and how little any of us know of the real internal state even of those whom we see most frequently; for the truth is, that he was then depressed by poverty, and irritated by disease. When I mentioned to him this account as given me by Dr. Adams, he said, "Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power, and all authority."

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The Bishop of Dromore observes in a letter to me, "The pleasure he took in vexing the tutors and fellows has been often mentioned. But I have heard him say, what ought to be recorded to the honor of the present venerable master of that College, the Rev. William Adams, D. D. who was then very young, and one of the junior fellows; that the mild but judicious expostulations of this worthy man, whose virtue awed him, and whose learning he revered, made him really ashamed of himself, though I fear (said he) I was too proud to own it."

"I have heard from some of his contemporaries, that he was generally seen lounging at the College gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spurring them up to rebellion against the College discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled."

He very early began to attempt keeping notes or memorandums, by way of a diary of his life. I find, in a parcel of loose leaves, the following spirited resolution to contend against his natural indolence: "*Œt. 1729. Desidia valedixi; syrenis istius cantibus surdum posthac aurem obversurus.*—I bid farewell to Sloth, being resolved henceforth not to listen to her syren strains." I have also in my possession a few leaves of another *Libellus*, or little book, entitled *ANNALES*, in which some of the early particulars of his history are registered in Latin.

I do not find that he formed any close intimacies with his fellow-collegians. But Dr. Adams told me, that he contracted a love and regard for Pembroke College, which he retained to the last. A short time before his death he sent to that College a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library, and he had thoughts of leaving to it his house at Litchfield; but his friends who were about him very properly dissuaded him from it, and he bequeathed it to some poor relations. He took a pleasure in boasting of the many eminent men who had been educated at Pembroke. In this list are found the names of Spencer, Mr. Hawkins, the Poetry Professor, Mr. Shenstone, Sir William Blackstone, and others, not forgetting the singular popular preacher, Mr. George Whitefield, of whom, though Dr. Johnson did not think very highly, it must be acknowledged that his eloquence was powerful, his views pious and charitable, his assiduity almost incredible; and, that since his death, the integrity of his character has been fully vindicated. Being himself a poet, Johnson was peculiarly happy in mentioning how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets: adding, with a smile of sportive triumph, "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds."

He was not, however, blind to what he thought the defects of his own College; and I have, from the information of Dr. Taylor, a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which he ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained

obtained his father's consent to be entered of Pembroke, that he might be with his school-fellow Johnson, with whom, though some years older than himself, he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he could not, in conscience, suffer him to enter where he knew he could not have an able tutor. He then made enquiry all round the University, and having found that Mr. Bateman, of Christ-Church, was the tutor of highest reputation, Taylor was entered of that College. Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them; he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ-churchmen, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. How must we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel Johnson.

After having continued some time at college, Johnson returned to his native city Litchfield, destitute, and not knowing how to gain a decent livelihood. However, he got recommended as usher at a school at Market Bosworth; but this employment becoming irksome to him, he quitted it, and going to Birmingham, furnished some essays for the newspaper there. Here he undertook

the translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia. While at this place, Johnson paid his addresses to Mrs. Porter, and married her. Of this match Mr. Boswell says,

His juvenile attachments to the fair sex were, however, very transient; and it is certain, that he formed no criminal connection whatsoever. Mr. Hector, who lived with him in his younger days in the utmost intimacy and social freedom, has assured me, that even at that ardent season his conduct was strictly virtuous in that respect; and that though he loved to exhilarate himself with wine, he never knew him intoxicated but once.

In a man whom religious education has secured from licentious indulgences, the passion of love, when once it has seized him, is exceedingly strong; being unimpaired by dissipation, and totally concentrated in one object. This was experienced by Johnson, when he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, after her first husband's death. Miss Porter told me, that when he was first introduced to her mother, his appearance was very forbidding: he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind; and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by
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his conversation, that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and said to her daughter, "this is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life."

Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner, as described to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleasing to others, she must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him with a more than ordinary passion; and she having signified her willingness to accept of his hand, he went to Litchfield to ask his mother's consent to the marriage, which he could not but be conscious, was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of their disparity of years, and her want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnson knew too well the ardour of her son's temper, and was too tender a parent to oppose his inclinations.

I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback, I suppose in very good humour. But though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archly to mention Johnson's having told him, with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love-marriage upon both sides," I have had from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn. "Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a wo-

man of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he thus shewed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life; and in his "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after death.

In 1750 he came forth in the character for which he was eminently qualified, a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom. The vehicle which he chose was that of a periodical paper, which he knew had been, upon former occasions, employed with great success. The *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, were the last of the kind published in England, which had stood the test of a long trial; and such an interval had now elapsed since their publication, as made him justly think that, to many of his readers, this form of instruction would, in

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some degree, have the advantage of novelty. A few days before the first of his Essays came out, there started another competitor for fame in the same form, under the title of "The Tatler Revived," which I believe was "born but to die." Johnson was, I think, not very happy in the choice of his title, "The Rambler," which certainly is not suited to a series of grave and moral discourses; which the Italians have literally, but ludicrously, translated by *Il Vagabondo*; and which has been lately assumed as the denomination of a vehicle of licentious tales, "The Rambler's Magazine." He gave Sir Joshua Reynolds the following account of its getting this name: "What *must* be done, Sir, *will* be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

Under the year 1752 Mr. Boswell gives us the following anecdote.

His acquaintance with Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, in Lincolnshire, another much valued friend, commenced soon after the conclusion of his Rambler, which that gentleman, then a youth, had read with so much admiration, that he came to London chiefly with the view of endeavouring to be introduced to its author.

Mr. Langton afterwards went to pursue his studies at Trinity

College, Oxford, where he formed an acquaintance with his fellow-student, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, who, though their opinions and modes of life were so different, that it seemed utterly improbable that they should at all agree, had so ardent a love of literature, so acute an understanding, such elegance of manners, and so well discerned the excellent qualities of Mr. Langton, that they became intimate friends.

Johnson, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a considerable time at Oxford. He at first thought it strange that Langton should associate so much with one who had the character of being loose, both in his principles and practice; but, by degrees, he himself was fascinated. Mr. Beauclerk's being of the St. Albans' family, and having, in some particulars, a resemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnson's imagination, to throw a lustre upon his other qualities; and, in a short time, the moral, pious Johnson, and the gay, dissipated Beauclerk, were companions. "What a coalition! (said Garrick, when he heard of this) I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Roundhouse." But I can bear testimony that it was a very agreeable association. Beauclerk was too polite, and valued learning and wit too much, to offend Johnson by sallies of infidelity or licentiousness; and Johnson delighted in the good qualities of Beauclerk, and hoped to correct the evil. Innumerable were the scenes in which Johnson was amused by these

these young men. Beauclerk could take more liberty with him, than any body with whom I ever saw him; but, on the other hand, Beauclerk was not spared by his respectable companion, when reproof was proper. Beauclerk had such a propensity to satire, that at one time Johnson said to him, "You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you have said, but from seeing your intention." At another time applying to him, with a slight alteration, a line of Pope, he said, "Thy love of folly, and thy scorn of fools—Every thing thou do'st shews the one, and every thing thou say'st the other." At another time he said to him, "Thy body is all vice, and thy mind all virtue." Beauclerk not seeming to relish the compliment, Johnson said, "Nay, Sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him."

Johnson was some time with Beauclerk at his house in Windsor, where he was entertained with experiments in natural philosophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine, Beauclerk enticed him, insensibly, to saunter about all the morning. They went into a church-yard, in the time of divine service, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of the tomb-stones. "Now, Sir, (said Beauclerk) you are like Hogarth's Idle Apprentice." When Johnson got his pension, Beauclerk said to him, in the humorous phrase of Fal-

staff, "I hope you'll now purge, and live cleanly like a gentleman."

One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the green-grocers, and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them, but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw that his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop*, which Johnson always liked; while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

*"Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again."*

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat

a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for "leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls." Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the chronicle." Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

In 1755, Johnson finished his well known Dictionary.

Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's Dictionary; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted, by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy-money, by different drafts, a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir, (answered the messenger) he said, thank God I have done with him." "I am glad (replied Johnson with a smile) that he

thanks God for any thing." It is remarkable, that those with whom Johnson chiefly contracted for his literary labours were Scotchmen, Mr. Millar, and Mr. Strahan. Millar, though himself no great judge of literature, had good sense enough to have for his friends very able men to give him their opinion and advice in the purchase of copy-right; the consequences of which was his acquiring a very large fortune, with great liberality. Johnson said of him, "I respect Millar, Sir; he has raised the price of literature."

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus *Windward* and *Leeward*, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined identically the same way; as to which inconsiderable specks it is enough to observe, that his Preface announces that he was aware there might be many such in so immense a work; nor was he at all disconcerted when an instance was pointed out to him. A lady once asked him how he came to define *Pastern* the knee of a horse: instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." His definition of *Network* has been often quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. But to these frivolous censures no other answer is necessary than that with which we are furnished by his own Preface. "To explain, requires the use of terms less obtruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot

cannot always be found. For as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit of definition. Sometimes easier words are changed into harder; as, *burial*, into *sepulture*, or *interment*; *dry*, into *desiccative*; *dryness*, into *siccidity* or *aridity*; *fit*, into *paroxysm*; for, the *easiest* word, whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy."

His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices, under general definitions of words, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, as his *Tory*, *Whig*, *Pension*, *Oats*, *Excise*, and a few more, cannot be fully defended, and must be placed to the account of capricious and humourous indulgence. Talking to me upon this subject when we were at Ashbourne in 1777, he mentioned a still stronger instance of the predominance of his private feelings in the composition of this work, than any now to be found in it. "You know, Sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite interest. When I came to the word *Renegado*, after telling that it meant 'one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter.' I added, *Sometimes we say a GOWER*. Thus it went to the press; but the printer had more wit than I, and struck it out."

Let it, however, be remembered, that this indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm towards others, but sometimes in

playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task.—Thus: "*Grubstreet*, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called *Grubstreet*."—" *Lexicographer*, a writer of dictionaries, a *harmless drudge*."

The following anecdote our author had from Dr. Burney.

"Soon after this, Mr. Burney, during a visit to the capital, had an interview with him in Gough-square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner, Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson giving to his guest the entire seat, tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and shewed him some volumes of his Shakespeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume, at the Merchant of Venice, he observed to him, that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than Theobald. 'O poor Tib! (said Johnson) he was ready knocked down to my hands; Warburton stands between me and him.' 'But, Sir, (said Mr. Burney) you'll have Warburton upon

upon your bones, won't you?' 'No, Sir; he'll not come out: he'll only growl in his den.' 'But you think, Sir, that Warburton is a superior critic to Theobald?'—'O, Sir, he'd make two-and-fifty Theobalds, cut into slices! The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said.'—Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter which Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed 'To the most impudent Man alive.' He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. The controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke; and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's Philosophy? 'No, Sir; I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore was not interested about its confutation.'

Mr. Boswell has filled great part of this book with minutes from the various conversations which passed between him and his departed friend. Of these we shall select the following.

On Tuesday, July 26, (says Mr. Boswell) I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a very wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects of such weather. *Johnson.* "Sir, this is all imagination, which physicians encourage; for man lives in

air, as a fish lives in water; so that if the atmosphere presses heavy from above, there is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad weather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad; and men cannot labour so well in the open air in bad weather, as in good: but, Sir, a smith or a taylor, whose work is within doors, will surely do as much in rainy weather as in fair. Some very delicate frames, indeed, may be afflicted by wet weather, but not common constitutions."

We talked of the education of children: and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. *Johnson.* "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both."

On Thursday, July 28, we again supped in private at the Turk's-head Coffee-house. *Johnson.* "Swift has a higher reputation than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense; for his humour, though very well, is not remarkably good. I doubt whether the "Tale of a Tub" be his; for he never owned it, and it is much above his usual manner."

"Thomson, I think, had as much of the poet about him as most writers. Every thing appeared to him through the medium of his favourite pursuit. He could not have viewed those two candles

candles burning but with a poetical eye."

"Has not ——— a great deal of wit, Sir?" *Johnson*. "I do not think so, Sir. He is, indeed, continually attempting wit, but he fails. And I have no more pleasure in hearing a man attempting wit and failing, than in seeing a man trying to leap over a ditch and tumbling into it."

He laughed heartily, when I mentioned to him a saying of his concerning Mr. Thomas Sheridan, which Foote took a wicked pleasure to circulate. "Why, Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in nature."—"So (said he) I allowed him all his own merit."

He now added, "Sheridan can not bear me. I bring his declamation to a point. I ask him a plain question, 'What do you mean to teach?' Besides, Sir, what influence can Mr. Sheridan have upon the language of this great country by his narrow exertions. Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to shew light at Calais."

Talking of a young man who was uneasy from thinking that he was very deficient in learning and knowledge, he said, "A man has no reason to complain who holds a middle place and has many below him; and perhaps he has not fix of his years above him—perhaps not one. Though he may not know any thing perfectly, the general mass of knowledge that he has acquired is considera-

ble. Time will do for him all that is wanting."

The conversation then took a philosophical turn. *Johnson*. "Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the great test of truth. A system, built upon the discoveries of a great many minds, is always of more strength, than what is produced by the mere workings of any one mind, which, of itself, can do little. There is not so poor a book in the world but what would be a prodigious effort were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators. The French writers are superficial, because they are not scholars, and so proceed upon the mere power of their own minds; and we see how very little power they have."

"As to the Christian religion, Sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer."

He this evening again recommended to me to perambulate Spain. I said it would amuse him to get a letter from me dated at Salamanca. *Johnson*. "I love the university of Salamanca;

cha; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the university of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful." He spoke this with great emotion, and with that generous warmth which dictated the lines in his "London," against Spanish encroachment.

I expressed my opinion of my friend Derrick as but a poor writer. *Johnson*. "To be sure, Sir, he is; but you are to consider that his being a literary man has got for him all that he has. It has made him King of Bath. Sir, he has nothing to say for himself but that he is a writer. Had he not been a writer, he must have been sweeping the crossings in the streets, and asking halfpence from every body that passed."

And Again—

Talking of education. "People have now-a-days (said he) got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except where experiments are to be shewn. You may teach chymistry by lectures.—You might teach making of shoes by lectures!"

At night I supped with him at the Mitre tavern, that we might renew our social intimacy at the original place of meeting. But there was now a considerable difference in his way of living.

Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain from it, and drank only water, or lemonade.

I told him that a foreign friend of his, whom I had met with abroad, was so wretchedly perverted to infidelity, that he treated the hopes of immortality with brutal levity; and said, "As man dies like a dog, let him lie like a dog." *Johnson*. "If he dies like a dog, let him lie like a dog." I added, that this man said to me, "I hate mankind, for I think myself one of the best of them, and I know how bad I am."

Johnson. "Sir, he must be very singular in his opinion, if he thinks himself one of the best of men; for none of his friends think him so." He said, "No honest man could be a Deist; for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity." I named Hume. *Johnson*. "No, Sir; Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishoprick of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention." I mentioned Hume's notion, that all who are happy are equally happy; a little Miss with a new gown at a dancing-school ball, a general at the head of a victorious army, and an orator, after having made an eloquent speech in a great assembly.

Johnson. "That all who are happy, are equally happy, is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant

sant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher." I remembered this very question very happily illustrated in opposition to Hume, by the Rev. Mr. Robert Brown, at Utrecht. "A small drinking glass and a large one (said he) may be equally full; but the large one holds more than the small."

Dr. Johnson was very kind this evening, and said to me, "You have now lived five-and-twenty years, and you have employed them well." "Alas, Sir! (said I) I fear not. Do I know history? Do I know mathematics? Do I know law?" *Johnson.* "Why, Sir, though you may know no science so well as to be able to teach it, and no profession so well as to be able to follow it, your general mass of knowledge of books and men renders you very capable to make yourself master of any science, or fit yourself for any profession." I mentioned that a gay friend had advised me against being a lawyer, because I should be excelled by plodding blockheads. *Johnson.* "Why, Sir, in the formulary and statutory part of law, a plodding blockhead may excel; but in the ingenious and rational part of it, a plodding blockhead can never excel."

I talked of the mode adopted by some to rise in the world, by courting great men, and asked him whether he had ever submitted to it. *Johnson.* "Why, Sir, I never was near enough to great men to court them. You may be prudently attached to great men, and yet independent. You

are not to do what you think wrong; and, Sir, you are to calculate and not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for six-pence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for six-pence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court."

He said, "If convents should be allowed at all, they should only be retreats for persons unable to serve the public, or who have served it. It is our first duty to serve society, and, after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvation of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotion should not be encouraged."

I introduced the subject of second sight, and other mysterious manifestations; the fulfilment of which, I suggested might happen by chance. *Johnson.* "Yes, Sir; but they have happened so often, that mankind have agreed to think them not fortuitous."

I talked to him a great deal of what I had seen in Cortica, and of my intention to publish an account of it. He encouraged me by saying, "You cannot go to the bottom of the subject; but all that you tell us will be new to us. Give us as many anecdotes as you can."

It is melancholy to observe the frequent lowness of spirits with which Johnson was affected.—Speaking of him, in 1768, he says,

It appears from his notes of the state of his mind, that he suffered

ferred great perturbation and distraction in 1768. Nothing of his writing was given to the public this year, except the Prologue to his friend Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man." The first lines of this Prologue are strongly characteristical of the dismal gloom of his mind; which in his case, as in the case of all who are distressed with the same malady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. Who could suppose that it was to introduce a comedy, when Mr. Bensley solemnly began,

"*Press'd with the load of life, the weary mind*

"*Surveys the general toil of human kind.*"

But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humour shine more.

We shall conclude our extracts with some account of his journey to France.

He observed, "The great in France live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state as in England. The shops of Paris are mean; the meat in the markets is such as would be sent to a goal in England: and Mr. Thrale justly observed, that the cookery of the French was forced upon them by necessity; for they could not eat their meat, unless they added some taste to it. The French are an indelicate people; they will spit upon any place. At Madame ——'s, a literary lady of rank, the footman took the sugar in his fingers, and threw it into my coffee. I was going to put it aside; but hearing it was

made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Tom's fingers. The same lady would needs make tea *à l'Angloise*. The spout of the teapot did not pour freely: she bade the footman blow into it. France is worse than Scotland in every thing but climate. Nature has done more for the French; but they have done less for themselves than the Scotch have done."

It happened that Foote was at Paris at the same time with Dr. Johnson, and his description of my friend while there was abundantly ludicrous. He told me, that the French were quite astonished at his figure and manner, and at his dress, which he obstinately continued exactly as in London;—his brown clothes, black stockings, and plain shirt. He mentioned, that an Irish gentleman said to Johnson, "Sir, you have not seen the best French players." *Johnson*. "Players, Sir! I look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint-stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs."—"But, Sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" *Johnson*. "Yes, Sir, as some dogs dance better than others."

While in France, he was observed, on being introduced to a Frenchman of great distinction, to address him in Latin, though his Excellency did not understand it; and upon another occasion, he was observed to speak French to a man of high rank, who understood English, on being asked the reason, he answered, "because I think my French is as good as his English."

POETICAL



POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the Ladies Magazine.

VERSES on Miss E——N.

WHEN I behold fair ——'s
face,
What tumults in my bosom
rise!
Her features fraught with ev'ry
grace,
Attract and fix my longing eyes.

Her form is majesty divine,
Her voice to melody's attun'd,
Her perfections all combine
My heart, alas! my heart to
wound.

Oh! were she kind, as she is
fair,
And would she listen to my
love,
My firm regard, and utmost care,
The ardor of my flame should
prove!

But if some other youth has won,
Distracting thought! her tender
heart,
My peace and happiness are gone,
From her I must for ever part!

Contending passions rack my soul,
My harass'd mind can feel no
rest,
Strange doubts and fears, without
control,
Usurp their empire in my breast.

Yet Hope, in favour of my love,
Has partly banish'd my despair,
Hope bids me live, and pity move,
Within the bosom of my fair.

Since Hope commands, I will
obey.

And in despair no more repine;
But hope to see that happy day,
When crown'd with bliss, I'll
call her mine.

EDWIN.



ELLA. A TALE.

History says that Sivard, King of Sweden, entered Norway with a numerous army, and committed the greatest enormities; but was at last overthrown, his army routed, and himself slain by one of those women whom he had brutally abused.

BETWEEN Norwegian hills
wide spreads a plain,
By nature form'd for sport;
The Veteran warrior here, and
hardy swain,
To annual games resort.

High o'er their heads was hung
the hoary brow,
Which cast an ample shade;
From thence these words majestic
seem'd to flow—

"Fierce foes your sports invade!"
They

They upward gaze—a warrior
 struck their fight;
 He bore aloft his lance,
 All sheath'd in arms, unsufferably
 bright,
 Where beamy splendors dance.

The western sun-beam round his
 helmet flies,
 He more than man appears;
 And more than mortal seem'd to
 sound the voice
 That rang upon their ears.

"Ye sons of Norway! harken to
 my tale,
 "Your rural games oh cease;
 "Sivard is marching thro' Dul-
 vellon's vale,
 "Break off the sports of peace!

"The bloody Sivard leads his
 conquering Swedes,
 "He riots in our shame;
 "The man, the matron, and the
 infant bleeds—
 "Norway is but a name!

"The husband sees—curse on the
 tyrant's lust—
 "He sees his beauteous bride—
 "Her virtue, worth, and honor
 in the dust—
 "Oh where is Norway's pride!

"Rouse! rouse Norwegians! take
 your arms amain,
 "Let helmets o'erthrust each
 brow;
 "Let's meet these Swedish dæ-
 mons in the plain,
 "And lay their triumphs low.

"O had you seen what these poor
 eyes have seen!
 "'Twas Sivard done the deed—

"Our hoary monarch, and our
 helpless queen,
 I—yes, I saw them bleed.

"Their daughter Ella—no, I
 will not tell!
 "Norwegians ne'er enquire—
 "Ne'er hear it—what the royal
 maid beset;
 "I see your souls on fire.

"Oh seize your swords, your
 spears, helmets, and shields!
 "Oh vindicate your fame!
 "Sivard and Sweden glare on
 Norway's fields;
 "Remember Norway's name."

He said—tears flow apace, fierce
 glow the swains,
 Rage fills each honest breast;
 In Swedish blood to wipe away
 their stains,
 Was ev'ry thought address'd.

Then red-hair'd Rollo, fierce
 advancing cri'd,—
 "Who'er thou art, come down,
 "We live on hills, to ev'ry toil
 we're tri'd,
 "And war is all our own.

"Let Sivard come, we'll meet the
 tyrant here:
 "But stranger come thou
 down."

He came.—Old Athold gaz'd
 with look severe;—
 He gaz'd—but ceas'd to frown.

"Or Athold has forgot his mo-
 narch's face,
 "Or sure thou art his son!
 "Eric, of mighty Norway's royal
 race!"—
 Full quick the tidings run.

With

With shouts they press to see the
beauteous chief;

The aged kifs his hand:
On either side, fast roll'd the
marks of grief,
Then Athold spoke the band—

“Ye sons of Norway, to your
homes repair,

“There seize the sword and
shield,

“And ere the morning's purple
streaks the air,

“Meet Eric in the field.

“Oh prince! do you with aged
Athold go,

“And take refreshing sleep;

“Athold will sing and soothe the
rising woe,

“Or break his harp and weep!”

'Twas night—in Athold's hall
each took his place;

Of other times he sung;

Fast stream'd the tears adown the
hero's face,

And groans responsive rung.

Bright came the morn; and bright
in batter'd arms,

The rustic vet'rans came:

And many a youth, untried in
rough alarms,

Now hop'd a patriot's name.

They heard from far the hum of
Sivard's host;

Young Eric struck his shield;

Then high in air his heavy spear
he tost,

And blaz'd along the field.

Next aged Athold follow'd; Rollo
strong;

Black Calmar lifts his mace;

Culullin, Marco, Streno, rush
along,

And all the rugged race.

Fierce came the Swede;—in
strength of numbers proud;

He scorn'd his feeble foe;

But soon the voice of battle roar'd
aloud,

And many a Swede lay low.

Strong Rollo struck the tow'ring
Olaus dead,

Full fifteen bled beside:

Old Athold cleft the brave Adol-
phus head,

In all his youthful pride.

But Eric! Eric! rang'd the field
around,

On Sivard still he cri'd:

The gasping Swedes lay heap'd
upon the ground—

Sivard! the hills repli'd.

In fury Sivard seiz'd his shining
shield,

His mail, his helm, and spear;

He mounts his car, and thunders
o'er the field;

Now Norway knows to fear.

Great Rollo falls beneath his
dreadful arm,

His steeds are stain'd with
blood;

Young Eric smil'd to hear the loud
alarm,

And flew to stop the flood.

He rag'd, he foam'd—fierce flew
the thirsty spear,

Down fell the foremost steed:

Astonish'd Sivard felt unusual fear,
“Tyrant thou'rt doom'd to
bleed!”

Up

Up sprang the youth—deep fell
the sword,
Sunk in the tyrant's brow :
Fast fly the Swedes, and leave their
hated lord,
His mighty pride laid low.

Now Norway's sons their great
deliv'rer hail,
But lo! he bleeds! he falls!
Old Athold strips the helm and
beamy mail,
And on his Gods he calls.

He lifts the helm, and down the
snowy neck
Fast falls the silky hair—
And could those limbs, the conq'-
ring Sivard check!
Oh pow'r of great despair!

Life ebbs apace—she lifts her
languid head,
She strives her hand to wave;
Confess to all, the beauteous Ella
said—
“ Thanks, thanks companions
brave :

“ Freedom rewards you—naught
can Ella give,
“ Low, low poor Ella lies;
“ Sivard is dead! and Ella wou'd
not live.”
She bleeds—she faints—she
dies!

LOVE RENEW'D:

A SONNET.

LIGHT fly the hours, attendant
joy,
Gay mirth—and ev'ry sweet
employ,

Chasing the short-liv'd moments,
prove
The blissful state of growing
Love :

New to the heart, the youthful
Fair,
First learnt to feel a tend'rer
care;
A fond solicitude, which says,
How poor the calm of former
days!

Then hope and fear, alternate
reign,
Transition of delight and pain;
That dear distress, that charming
strife,
Which interests ev'ry scene of life:

The cheek suffus'd, the downcast
brow,
The sigh escap'd we know not
how;
The soft rebuke, the unwilling
blame,
Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

Sweet is the passion thus pursu'd,
But sweeter far is Love Renew'd;
That Love, which, when the
bosom thrill'd
Suspence with icy hand hath
chill'd;

Hath doom'd to fit the mournful
day,
And weep the ling'ring time away;
The heart's best prospects, once
so fair,
Chang'd in an instant to despair—

How hard! to view the budding
Rose
In life's glad morn its sweets
disclose;

Then

Then in the fond expectant hour,
To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet! when hope was
scarce alive,
To see that hour again revive;
The long-lost Rose once more to
view,
With ripen'd fragrance bloom
anew;

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity
blends,
Then Mem'ry all her aid extends;
Past sorrow, heightens present joy,
And rapture lives without alloy.



ELEGY ON A ROBIN.

FAREWEL, ye groves, ye
verdant plains,
Ye gently murmur'ing rills,
Ye that inhabit yonder plains,
Or dwell on yonder hills.

No more within your peaceful
cots,
Where sweet contentment
reigns,
Will I reside when snow conceals
The verdure of the plains.

No more I'll hear your infants
lisp,
And prattle to their fire;
Nor view them eat their homely
fare,
Around the chearful fire.

I that was wont at early dawn
To warble thro' the air,
Or listen to the shepherd's song,
Am doom'd to deep despair.

'Twas on the top of yonder tree,
Beside the chrystal stream,
Where by my husband's side I
stood,
And love our happy theme:

When from a youth's too skilful
hand
That held a fatal bow,
A dreadful dart my husband kill'd,
And fill'd my breast with woe.

But hark! I hear my husband
call,
His well-known form I see;
I come, I come—here ceas'd the
bird,
Fell breathless from the tree.



LIPS AND EYES. *A Tale.*

IN Celia's face a question did
arise,
'Which were more beautiful,
her Lips or Eyes?'—
'We,' said the Eyes, 'send forth
those pointed darts,
'Which pierce the hardest, ada-
mantine hearts.—
'From us,' repli'd the Lips,
'proceed those blisses,
'Which lovers reap from sweet-
est words and kisses.'
Then wept the Eyes, and from
their springs did pour,
Of liquid, oriental pearl, a show'r!
Whereat the lips, mov'd with de-
light and pleasure,
Thro' a sweet slye unlock'd
their pearly treasure;
And bade Love judge, which thus
did add most grace,
Weeping or Smiling pearls in Ce-
lia's face?

MORNING.

M O R N I N G.

THE spicy morn, with purple
ray,

Faintly illumines the eastern skies,
While from each dew besprinkled
spray
Ambrosial odors gently rise;

Silence still holds the wide do-
main,

The Zephyrs slumber in the
shade,
The stream that creeps along the
plain,
Scarce murmurs to the list'ning
glade:

No songstrefs breathes her artless
lay,

No footsteps print the dewy
vale,
O'er the broad lawn no lambkins
stray,
For sleep still nods o'er hill and
dale.

Where pensive grief forgets to
sigh,

There Morpheus still thy sta-
tion keep,
And with thy signet seal the eye,
The eye which only wakes to
weep.

But while I speak the prospects
change,

The warblers dance upon the
air,
The fleecy tribe the pastures
range,
Refresh'd with sleep, and free
from care :

All nature bows—all nature sings,
And to its Author homage
pays;

Each part a grateful tribute brings,
The whole creation gives him
praise.

Be thou not, oh ! my languid soul,
An indolent spectator here,
While clouds of chearful incense
roll

To him who rules above our
sphere :

Before him pour the lay sincere,
When Morning's beams thine
eyes shall bless,
And let the shades of Ev'ning
hear

That still thou dost his name
confess.



To Miss ——— ———.

SWEET as op'ning roses are,
As th' expanded lily fair ;
Blithesome as the breathing day,
Smiling as the smiling May :
Heav'n itself her feeling mind,
Loveliest of the lovely kind—
Is my Daphne ! sweetest maid,
That e'er sported in the glade.

When beneath the nodding
grove

She inclines to muse or rove,
Airs of Eden float around,
Flow'rs spontaneous deck the
ground ;

Cupids clasp their wings about
her,
Life itself's not life without her.



CUPID's Address to angry VENUS.

DEAR mother me no longer
blame,
My fault with pity view ;
For when I lovely B—— prais'd,
She look'd divine, like you.

FOREIGN

Foreign News.

CAPTURE OF NICE.

Extract of a letter from an English Lady at Nice.

“YOU will think us very unfortunate my friend, in having just reached Nice to see it captured; and you will no doubt be anxious to learn particulars. We came hither on Saturday, the 22d of September, on our arrival we found that the English town was filled with Piedmontese soldiers, that a camp was formed on the banks of the Var; that many new batteries were erected on the city ramparts, in short, every thing wore so martial an appearance that we wished to go away immediately: however, we were told, there could be no danger in staying, that there were very few troops in Providence, and that even if an attack were made upon Nice, we might easily escape long before a landing could be effected: thus lulled into a state of fancied security, we resolved to remain at an Hotel in the city till we had recovered the fatigue of our journey from Turin hither; but we soon repeated this determination, for on Wednesday 26th, the letter-courier was stopped at Antibes. On Thursday some French frigates appeared at a distance, and the same day a proclamation was issued, obliging every person possessed of either horses or mules to give them up immediately for the King's ser-

vice; thus all hopes of escaping by land were blasted! and on Friday morning the first object which struck our eyes was a French fleet standing off and on before the port. We instantly endeavoured to hire an English vessel and escape by sea, before the city was cannonaded; but, on enquiring at the quay, we found that no one of the English merchantmen then was ready to sail. About mid-day we learnt that the king of Sardinia had just sent an express from Turin, ordering his officers to withdraw their troops as fast as possible, and abandon Nice. Terrible now was the consternation amongst the inhabitants, many of whom fled on foot over the Alps, while others employed themselves in packing up and securing their most valuable property; and too just was the cause for alarms, as the King of Sardinia had not only received and sheltered at Nice many thousands of Aristocrats, but likewise oppressed, banished and imprisoned the Democratic party, consequently there was every reason to dread revenge from the French nation. Two or three hours—an awful interval of time! Nice waited in silent expectation of her fate; meanwhile the Piedmontese soldiers were coolly marching away and leaving us to the mercy of France. The French fleet gradually advanced, and at length formed itself into a line before the harbour, at the same time sending off a boat with a flag of truce: repeatedly did the persons in this boat beat a parley, before the terrified Nisards took
O any

any proper notice; at last, however, a boat was dispatched from the Port, with the colours of the town. The French boat now proceeded to shore, and landed an officer, who signified, "That he came to demand the release of the French consul, who had recently been arrested by the Sardinian Government. The few civil magistrates remaining at Nice, instantly delivered him up, and at the same time resigned the city into the hands of France, though a surrender had not been demanded. The French consul now joined the fleet, and another interval of some hours took place. We knew what to expect from our Conquerors: during this interval, the few remaining Piedmontese troops marched away, and nearly all the inhabitants of the town fled into the Alps; the English, however, remained, trusting to the generosity of the French nation. Towards night a few officers came from Antibes to say, "That the French army would not march into Nice till the next evening;" and consequently, as all the Piedmontese troops were gone, we were left to the mercy of the rabble, who committed many depredations during the night. Till five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, no French troops appeared; but, about that time, we discovered them advancing, preceded by an immense olive branch, which was accompanied by the cap of Liberty, and the national colours. The French General, Mons. Anselm, now entered the city gate, where he stopped to harangue the people, whom

he comforted by every generous assurance of intended mercy and protection. When his speech was ended, and the consequent acclamations had ceased, the French army (a number as it is said about 35,000) marched round the ramparts; we saw them all pass—and we heard not one word uttered, even by a private soldier, that could either humiliate or terrify the conquered people; on the contrary, every Frenchman behaved with a degree of nobleness which proved him worthy that first of blessings Liberty. On Saturday night some depredations were committed, which induced us next morning to apply for a guard to protect our lives and property, and in consequence of this application, the Commandant of the city came to us himself, gave us an order for as many guards as we might like to send for, and also granted us permission to embark with our property on board an English ship, whensoever we pleased. He then gave our house in charge to twenty soldiers, telling them we were English, and the friends of France, and bidding them take all possible care to protect us; he at the same time granted a guard to every English family at Nice, assuring us all of his fullest protection, and giving it in orders to his troops to pay the highest respect to the English: these orders were confirmed by the General. We have now lived here some days under French government, (for our vessel is not ready to sail) and we can truly say, that scarcely an hour passes, in which some fresh

mark

mark of respect is not shewn to the English nation."

Extract of a letter from Bordeaux, October 12.—"The hotels de Prince de Conde and l'Orleans have both changed their names, since the establishment of Equality. I am now at one of them at four livres and odd per day; every thing is quiet here at present. Were the rage for destroying statues here to prevail as at Paris, down would fall a grand marble pedestal, bearing a magnificent Royal Figure; and down also would fall that great man Richelieu.

"Should Spain attack France, little resistance could be made here; the fortifications have only one tier of guns, nearly parallel with a first-rate's upper deckers, which ships of the line would pay no regard to.

"To be sure there are many dangerous shoals, which might deter ships of war; and maritime people have long complained of them as extremely injurious to navigation.

"Commerce does not suffer so much here, by the general disturbances in France, as one would imagine; the merchants and other traders are indefatigable; they have shipped, in the last twelve months, upwards of 800 tons of brandy and wine. Three years ago they exported above 900; and they have been known to furnish 1000 tons.

"The English and Scotch linens find a tolerable good market here, and are preferred by many to either the German, Swiss, or Holland. There are some lately

arrived from London, embellished with flowers of gold leaf, which are greatly admired; they look whiter than any other that I have seen; the gold is truly elegant, and is not injured by washing; there seems, however, a partiality to any thing that is Scotch: indeed, one of the city gates here bears the Douglas arms; and Scotland takes a considerable quantity of wine from hence."

Liverpool, Nov. 19. On Saturday night last, three promising boys, the eldest of whom not being more than twelve years of age, found means to get into the warehouse of Mrs. Randle and Co. in Lawton-street, and robbed it of sixty guineas, and other articles; they were apprehended on Thursday last, after having squandered away a considerable part of the money in different presents to their abettors, and some fanciful purchases, among which were, boots, a case of pistols, and a sprightly jack-ass—with which, probably our young adventurers intended to try their fortunes further on the road.—They were committed, to take their trials at the next quarter-sessions.

Cock Fighting—This barbarous amusement we are concerned to say, holds its rank among the vulgar sports that disgrace this country. Gentlemen still countenance this barbarity, and are never more elated than when they witness a bloody and hard fought battle. For the credit of humanity we hope that the report is not true, that a gentleman near Shrewsbury, betted a
wager

wager that his cock would fight though set on fire. The bet was accepted, and the cock's feathers, which were covered with turpentine, set on fire. The animal actually fought, though roasting alive, and killed his adversary in the midst of the flames.

Extract of a letter from an American captain at Cape-Francois.—"I arrived here after a passage of 21 days, and to my great disappointment have found the Cape in the greatest disorder and confusion, by a disturbance between the mulattoes and the whites in town, which happened two days before my arrival, in which there was by the best intelligence, about 60 killed, mostly mulattoes. The engagement began in town, and lasted as I am told, several hours; the mulattoes finally retreated, and took possession of a small fort about one mile from town, and went to Au Du Cape, three miles from town, and took possession of another fort, the outer lines of the white people—the whites did not pretend to pursue them, but left them in possession of the above-mentioned forts. The commissaries have been treating with them, and it is said to-day they have come into town. There has been an embargo here ever since on all vessels, so that we are not able to go any farther, nor yet land any thing with safety to sell. The negroes are in quiet possession of all the country back, and none to molest them, and what is to be the final event the Lord only knows. Captain Church arrived here the day after me, and from the best ac-

count we can get, the leeward part of the island is in a little more peaceable situation: we are determined both of us to go as soon as the embargo is off, and we can get away."

Domestic News.

Worcester, January 10.

ON Friday morning last, about three o'clock, the weavers shop belonging to Messieurs Cornelius and Peter Stowell, of this town, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was immediately given; but it was too late to save either the building or any of its contents. But by the exertions of the people who collected, with the assistance of a fire engine, the dwelling house which was contiguous to the shop was preserved. The loss of Mess. Stowell's is estimated at nearly 3000. Besides which, there was in the shop upwards of 2000 yards of cloth, and yarn enough for 7000 yards more.

Providence, January 19. During the late session of the Legislature, a bill was brought before the House for prohibiting the further importation of Slaves from Africa, the West-Indies, and elsewhere, for two years. A question of such importance was entitled to the most argumentative discussion, and in no instance has the energy of language been more powerfully displayed. But, in taking the sense of the House, there

there appeared a decided majority in support of the bill.

In this situation it went up to the Senate, where it was canvassed with an obstinacy still more pointed; and after exhausting every topic of argument, pro and con, the vote was at length called for, when there was seventeen votes in favour of the bill, and seventeen against it. What an interesting crisis was this for the President of the Senate, on whom it had devolved to preponderate the scale! Happily for the oppressed of Mankind, the chair was filled upon this occasion, by the illustrious Dr. Ramsay, who, soaring above the prejudices of his countrymen, pronounced the following elegant, momentous, and feeling decision:

"I am now called upon to discharge an official duty, which renders the present moment the most important of my life. Impressed with a conviction of the magnitude of the question before us, I have violated my own feelings, and the most tender attachment, that I might be here this day, to support the bill. A recent, melancholy domestic event, (alluding to the death of his Father-in-law, Mr Lawrens) called for my presence with an afflicted family, far distant from this place: but the subject on which I am to decide has absorbed all private considerations, and as my vote turns out to be of such deciding consequence, I shall ever rejoice that I sacrificed private feeling to public duty. Firmly believing, as I most seriously do, that the further importation of Slaves, is con-

trary to the true interest of Carolina, I will not only give my vote for the bill, but if necessary, would seal it with my blood."

Richmond, December 28. Yesterday being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the members of the three lodges in this city united, on this occasion, and assembled at the *Masons Hall*; from thence they walked in procession (dressed in their respective uniforms) preceded by a choice band of music, to the Capitol, where a sermon was delivered, after which they returned in the same order to the Hall, where they dispersed.—In the evening they again assembled at the *Eagle-Tavern*, where a numerous and brilliant assemblage of ladies were collected to participate in a ball, which was conducted with good order, and the evening was spent in the greatest hilarity.

Philadelphia, January 22. Last Sunday evening, a citizen in the lower part of Penn Street, observed a woman carrying a bucket of water toward a necessary house, at an unusual hour; which induced him to follow her, when to his great astonishment and horror, he heard the cries of an infant, and immediately supposing that the woman had an intention of throwing the water on the child to smother its cries, he seized and prevented her. He then took proper means to have the child taken from its dreadful situation, and it was brought out alive, without having received any material damage. The woman was examined, who had been suspected of having perpetrated this horrid
and

and inhuman action; but she stood out firmly to deny any agency in the whole of the scene.

Pittsburg, January 4. "It appears to be the view of the British Court, to get their hands on the country that we and the Savages are now contending for: the moment Congress cedes to the latter, the British will strike up a bargain for this desirable spot, then will they encourage the citizens of the states to come over to them, which they will not fail to do, whenever they are pleased to be offended with the government. These ideas are hastily thrown together, and I pray God may never be verified."

MARRIAGES.

In *Philadelphia*.—William Nichols, Esq. to Miss Peggy Hillegas, daughter of Michael Hillegas, Esq. of this city. Mr. Andrew Summers, jun. to Miss Steward, both of this city. Francis West, Esq. to Miss Nixon. Mr. John Osborne to Miss Maria Grant.

At *Burlington*.—Mr. William Love, of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss Lydia Ridgway, daughter of the late Solomon Ridgway, Esq. deceased.

At *New York*.—Robert H. Dunkin, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss Watkins of that place.

DEATHS.

In *Philadelphia*.—Mrs. Martha Miffin. The tenor of her life deserves particular notice, as

a practical lesson from which all may improve.

In adversity and in sickness her most intimate friends could never trace the marks of either dejection or despair, but humble resignation in the dispensations of the present, mixed with gratitude for the past, and a cheerful hope in the prospect of the period which was to come.

In prosperity and health, she forgot not the reverse of the scene; but preserved through a life unusually chequered with happiness and distress, a deportment equally distant from levity and despondence; teaching by exemplary practice to an affectionate family, that a contented and grateful mind was the best return to a benevolent Creator for the blessings he conferred—that resignation in all situations was a duty—and that despair and discontent were justifiable in no one.—Mr. Thomas Lang, one of the printers to the House of Representatives of this state. He has left a wife and four small children to regret the loss of a husband, and a father.

At *Wilmington*.—Captain Thomas Moore, who commanded the revenue barge of that district.

In *Virginia*.—John Jones, Esq. formerly speaker of the Senate of that state.

In *New Jersey*.—Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Esq. in the 85th year of his age. He was many years an eminent merchant in New York, and it may with truth be said, he supported through life, an unblemished and amiable character.

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